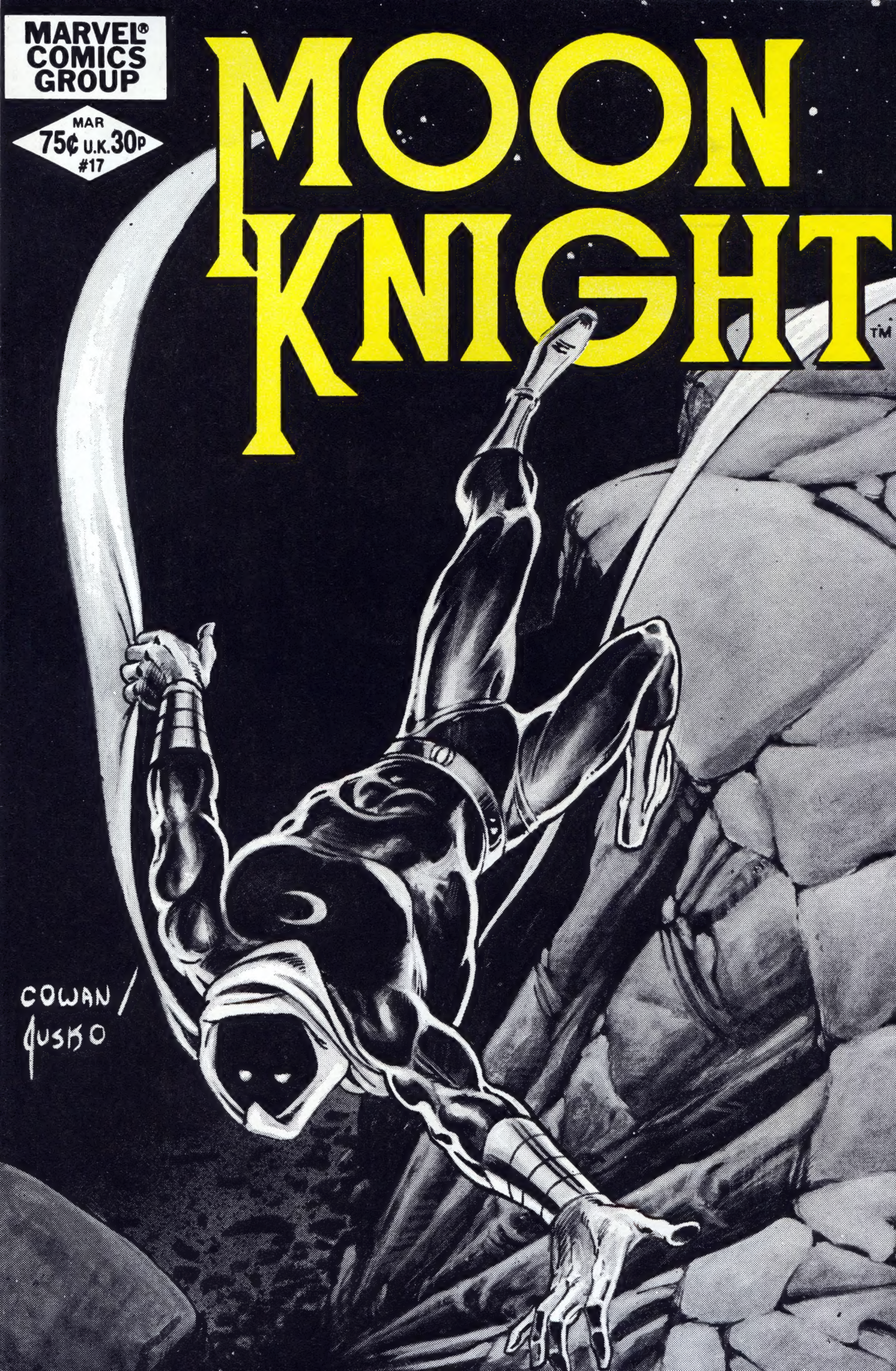
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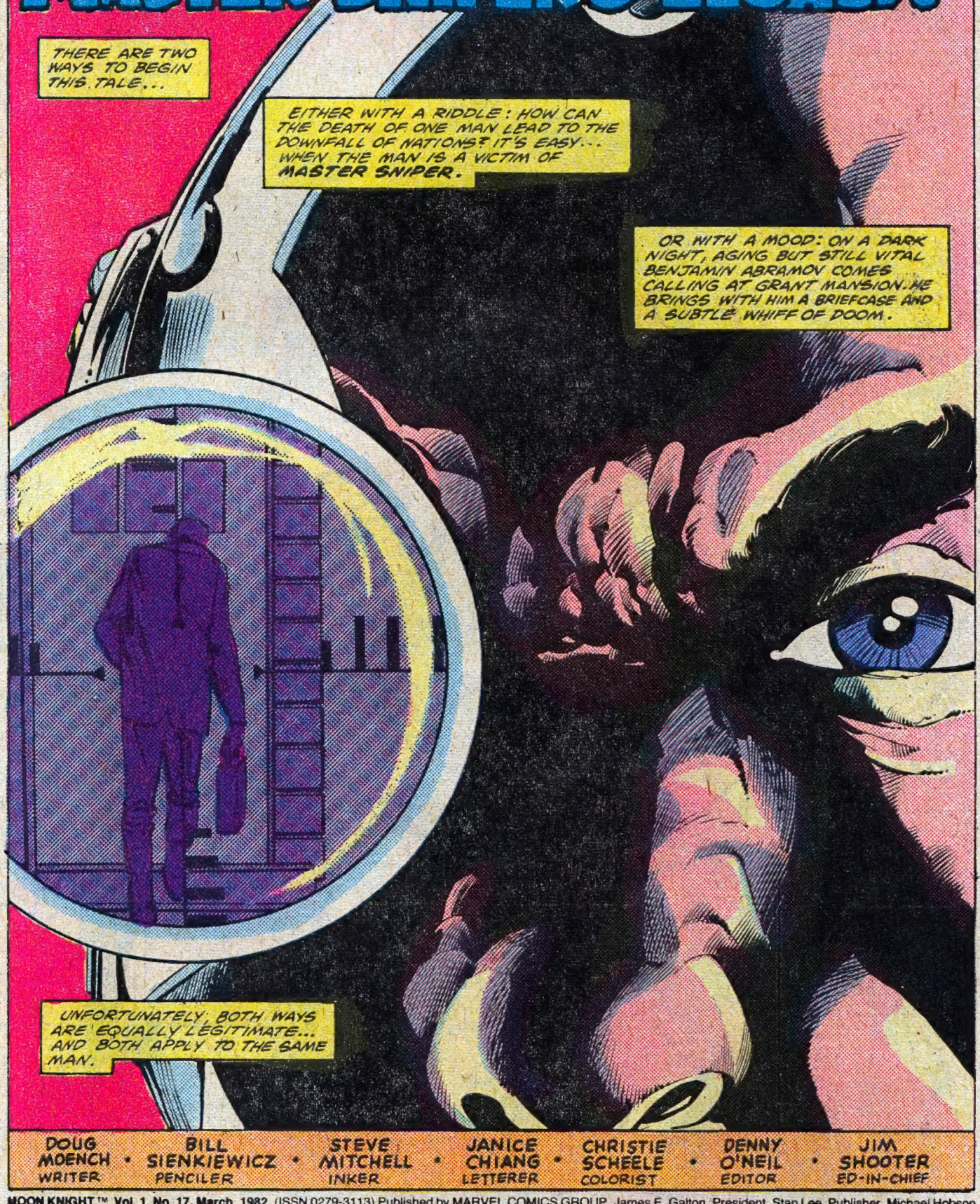
Stan Lee PRESENTS:

# MOON KNIGHT!™

## MASTER SNIPER'S LEGACY!

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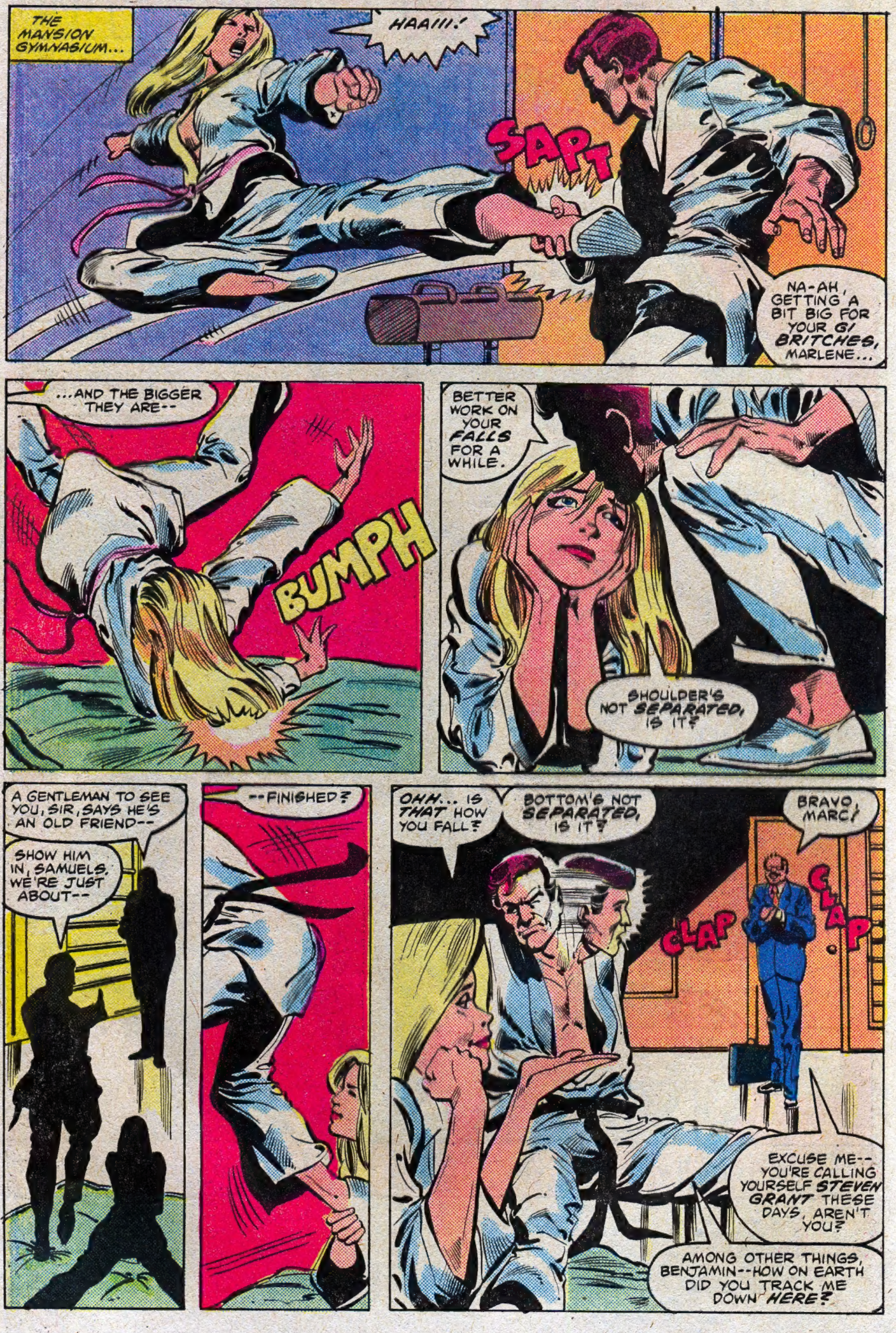
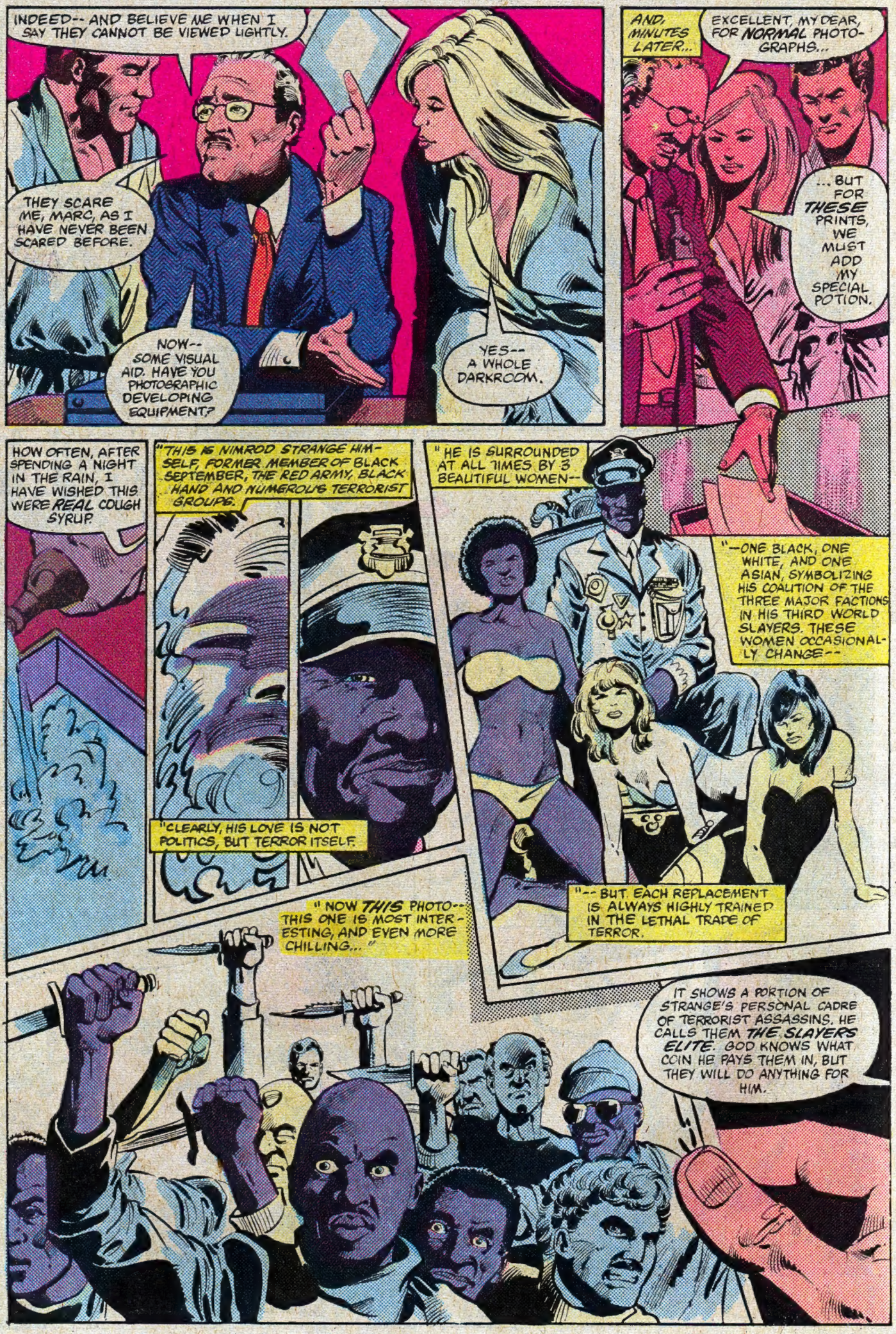
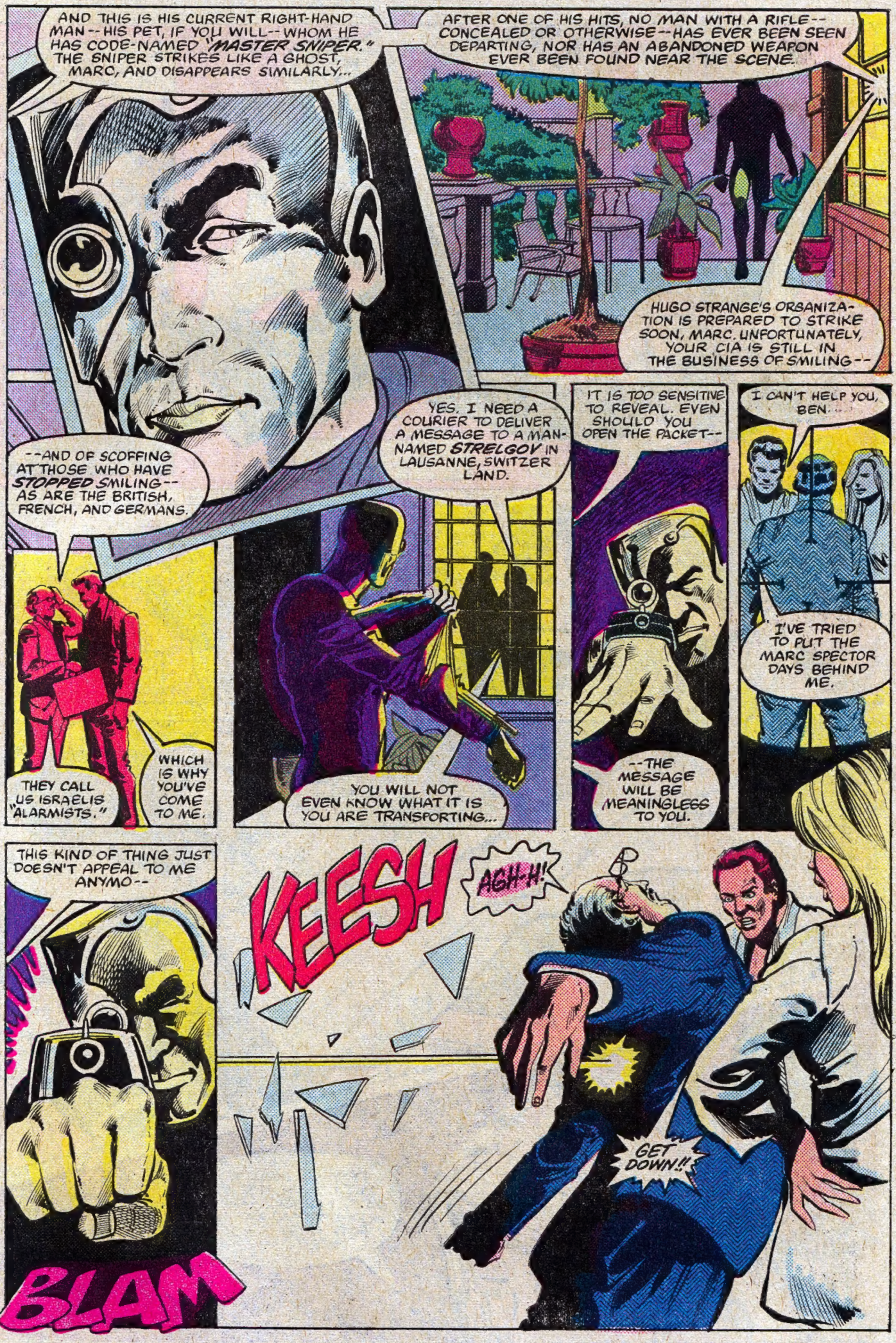
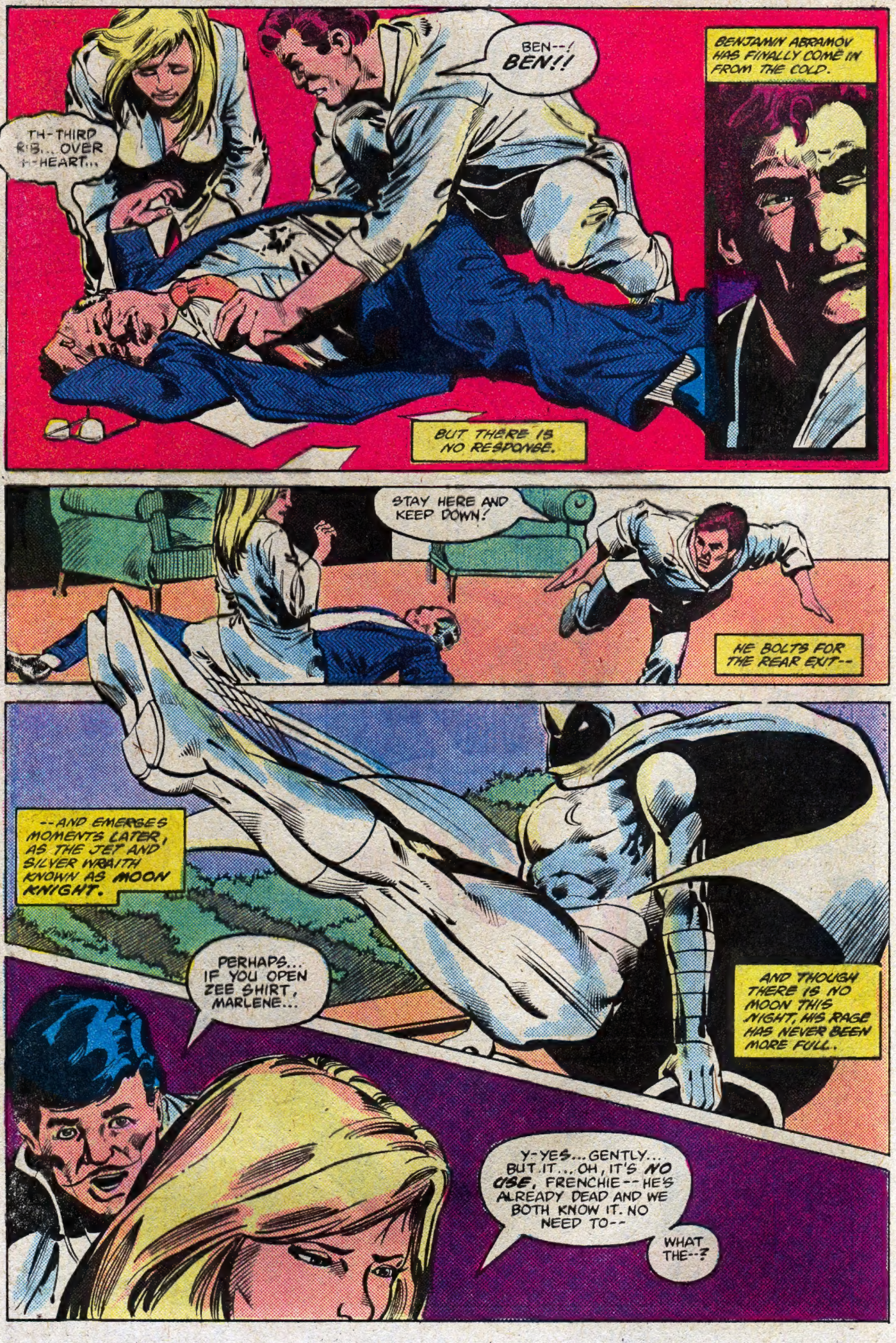
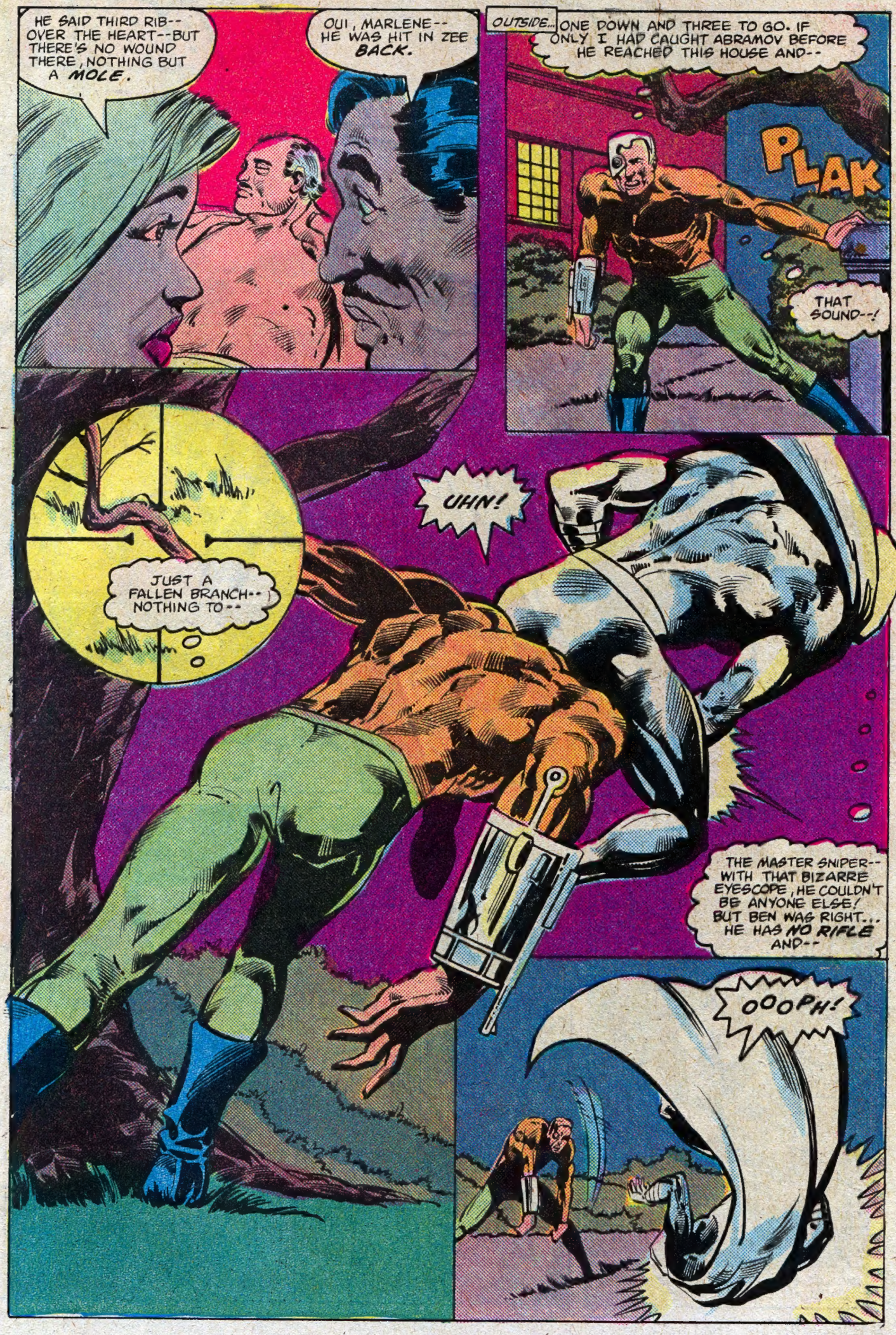

THE MANSION GYMNASIUM...
HAAIII!
SAP!
NA-AH, GETTING A BIT BIG FOR YOUR G/ BRITCHES, MARLENE...
...AND THE BIGGER THEY ARE--
BUMPH
BETTER WORK ON YOUR FALLS FOR A WHILE.
SHOULDER'S NOT SEPARATED, IS IT?
A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, SIR, SAYS HE'S AN OLD FRIEND--
SHOW HIM IN, SAMUELS, WE'RE JUST ABOUT--
--FINISHED?
OHH... IS THAT HOW YOU FALL?
BOTTOM'S NOT SEPARATED, IS IT?
BRAVO, MARC!
CLAP
CLAP
EXCUSE ME-- YOU'RE CALLING YOURSELF STEVEN GRANT THESE DAYS, AREN'T YOU?
AMONG OTHER THINGS, BENJAMIN--HOW ON EARTH DID YOU TRACK ME DOWN HERE?

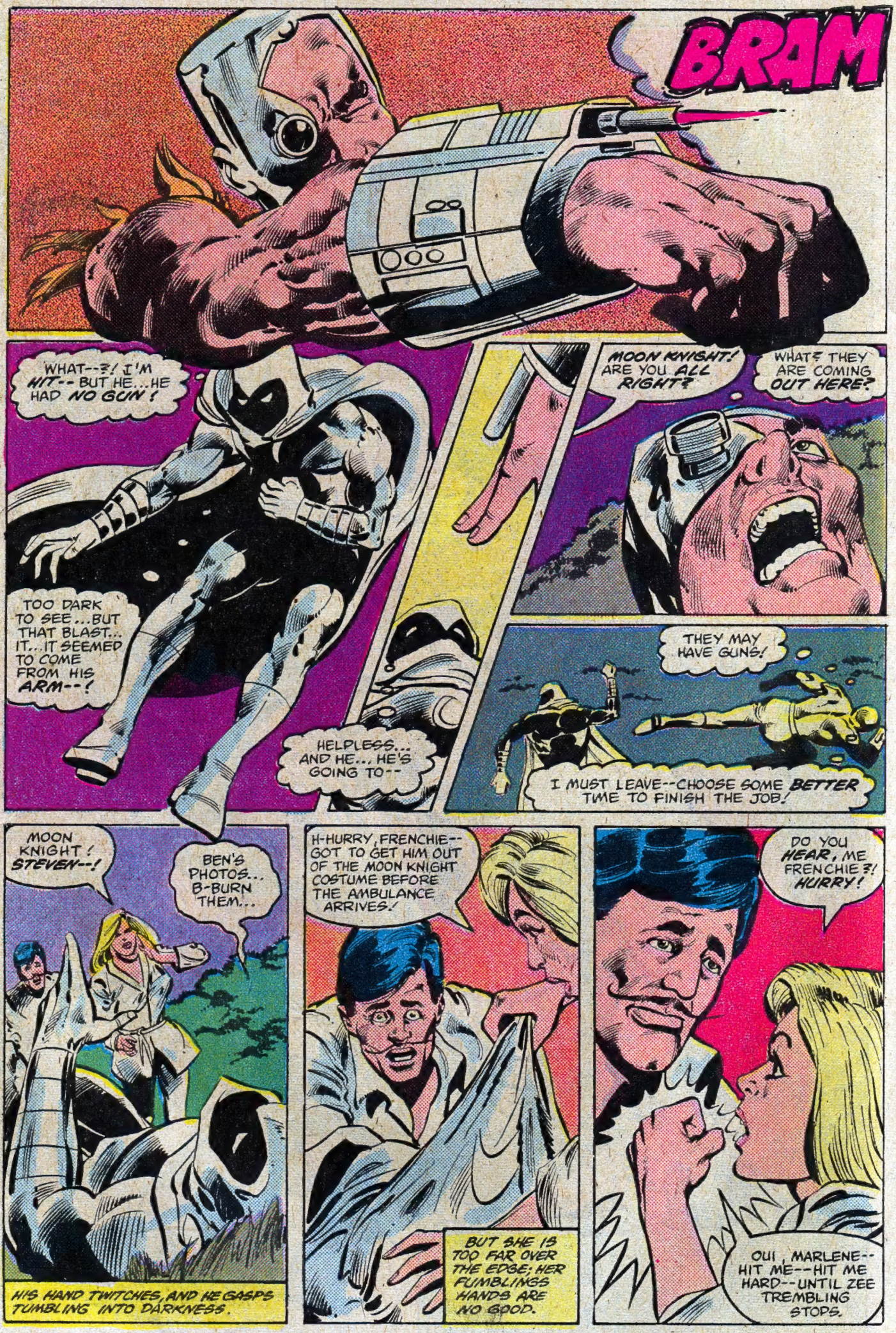
NEVER MIND-- A STUPID QUESTION. HOW IS ANNA?
STRONG, MARC, AND BEAUTIFUL--THE ONLY REASON I GO ON.
WITHOUT HER, I WOULD DOUBTLESS FOLLOW LeCARRE'S ADVICE AND COME IN FROM THE COLD.
NOW-- I WISH WE HAD TIME FOR SUCH PLEASANT SMALL TALK, BUT MY BUSINESS HERE IS VITAL.
INDEED, MARC, THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD LIKE TO PUT AN END TO MY BUSINESS.
WHO, BENJAMIN?
THE FOLLOWERS OF NIMROD STRANSE, COMMANDER OF THE THIRD WORLD SLAYERS, PERHAPS THE MOST FRIGHTENING ARMY THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN-- A COALITION OF EXTREME LEFTIST AND RIGHTIST TERRORISTS.
THEY HAVE PRIVATELY DISAVOWED ALL POLITICAL AFFILIATION, PUBLICLY PLAYING BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE--
--ACCEPTING AID AND WEAPONS FROM COMMUNISTS AND RIGHT-WING DICTATORS ALIKE.
AND THEIR GOAL?
TO BRING THE WORLD, BOTH EAST AND WEST, TO ITS KNEES. AND DO NOT SMILE, MARC-- THEY HAVE ALREADY EXPLOITED OUR AMUSED NEGLECT TO BUILD THEMSELVES INTO THE POSITION OF STRENGTH THEY NOW OCCUPY.
YES... THE WORLD SMILED AT HITLER, BEN-- FOR A WHILE.


INDEED-- AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THEY CANNOT BE VIEWED LIGHTLY.
THEY SCARE ME, MARC, AS I HAVE NEVER BEEN SCARED BEFORE.
NOW-- SOME VISUAL AID. HAVE YOU PHOTOGRAPHIC DEVELOPING EQUIPMENT?
YES-- A WHOLE DARKROOM.
AND, MINUTES LATER...
EXCELLENT, MY DEAR, FOR NORMAL PHOTOGRAPHS...
...BUT FOR THESE PRINTS, WE MUST ADD MY SPECIAL POTION.
HOW OFTEN, AFTER SPENDING A NIGHT IN THE RAIN, I HAVE WISHED THIS WERE REAL COUGH SYRUP.
"THIS IS NIMROD STRANGE HIMSELF, FORMER MEMBER OF BLACK SEPTEMBER, THE RED ARMY, BLACK HAND AND NUMEROUS TERRORIST GROUPS.
"CLEARLY, HIS LOVE IS NOT POLITICS, BUT TERROR ITSELF.
"HE IS SURROUNDED AT ALL TIMES BY 3 BEAUTIFUL WOMEN--
"--ONE BLACK, ONE WHITE, AND ONE ASIAN, SYMBOLIZING HIS COALITION OF THE THREE MAJOR FACTIONS IN HIS THIRD WORLD SLAYERS. THESE WOMEN OCCASIONALLY CHANGE--
"--BUT EACH REPLACEMENT IS ALWAYS HIGHLY TRAINED IN THE LETHAL TRADE OF TERROR.
"NOW THIS PHOTO-- THIS ONE IS MOST INTERESTING, AND EVEN MORE CHILLING..."
IT SHOWS A PORTION OF STRANGE'S PERSONAL CADRE OF TERRORIST ASSASSINS. HE CALLS THEM THE SLAYERS ELITE. GOD KNOWS WHAT COIN HE PAYS THEM IN, BUT THEY WILL DO ANYTHING FOR HIM.

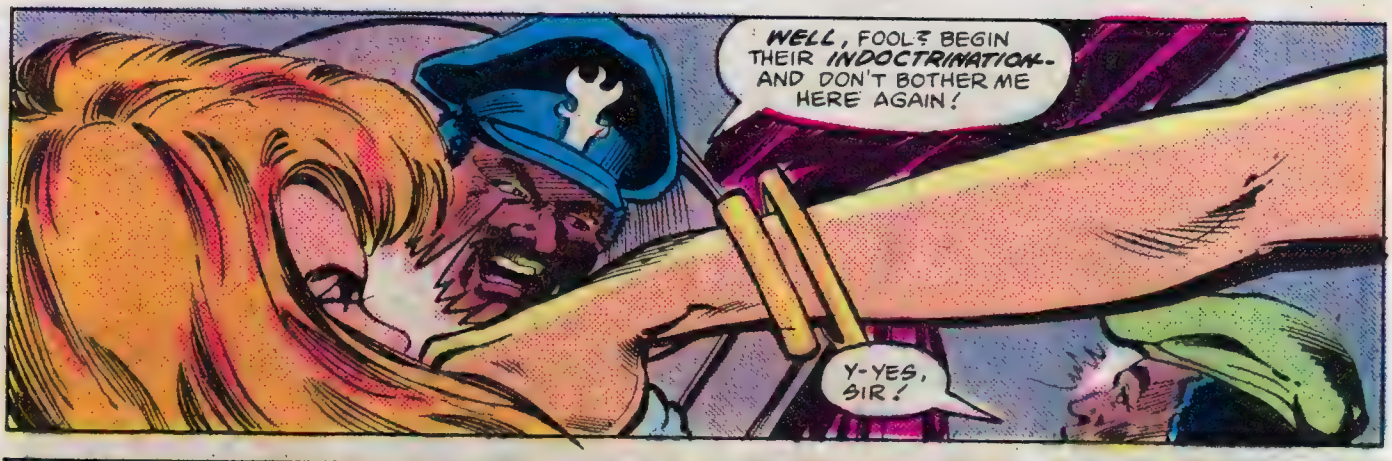

AND THIS IS HIS CURRENT RIGHT-HAND MAN--HIS PET, IF YOU WILL--WHOM HE HAS CODE-NAMED "MASTER SNIPER." THE SNIPER STRIKES LIKE A GHOST, MARC, AND DISAPPEARS SIMILARLY...
AFTER ONE OF HIS HITS, NO MAN WITH A RIFLE--CONCEALED OR OTHERWISE--HAS EVER BEEN SEEN DEPARTING, NOR HAS AN ABANDONED WEAPON EVER BEEN FOUND NEAR THE SCENE.
HUGO STRANGE'S ORGANIZATION IS PREPARED TO STRIKE SOON, MARC. UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR CIA IS STILL IN THE BUSINESS OF SMILING--
--AND OF SCOFFING AT THOSE WHO HAVE STOPPED SMILING--AS ARE THE BRITISH, FRENCH, AND GERMANS.
YES, I NEED A COURIER TO DELIVER A MESSAGE TO A MAN NAMED STRELGOV IN LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.
IT IS TOO SENSITIVE TO REVEAL. EVEN SHOULD YOU OPEN THE PACKET--
I CAN'T HELP YOU, BEN...
I'VE TRIED TO PUT THE MARC SPECTOR DAYS BEHIND ME.
THEY CALL US ISRAELIS "ALARMISTS."
WHICH IS WHY YOU'VE COME TO ME.
YOU WILL NOT EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU ARE TRANSPORTING...
--THE MESSAGE WILL BE MEANINGLESS TO YOU.
THIS KIND OF THING JUST DOESN'T APPEAL TO ME ANYMO--
BLAM
KEESH
AGH-H!
GET DOWN!!


BEN--! BEN!!
TH-THIRD R-B... OVER H-HEART...
BENJAMIN ABRAMOV HAS FINALLY COME IN FROM THE COLD.
BUT THERE IS NO RESPONSE.
STAY HERE AND KEEP DOWN!
HE BOLTS FOR THE REAR EXIT--
--AND EMERGES MOMENTS LATER, AS THE JET AND SILVER WRAITH KNOWN AS MOON KNIGHT.
PERHAPS... IF YOU OPEN ZEE SHIRT, MARLENE...
AND THOUGH THERE IS NO MOON THIS NIGHT, HIS RAGE HAS NEVER BEEN MORE FULL.
Y-YES... GENTLY... BUT IT... OH, IT'S NO USE, FRENCHIE -- HE'S ALREADY DEAD AND WE BOTH KNOW IT. NO NEED TO--
WHAT THE--?

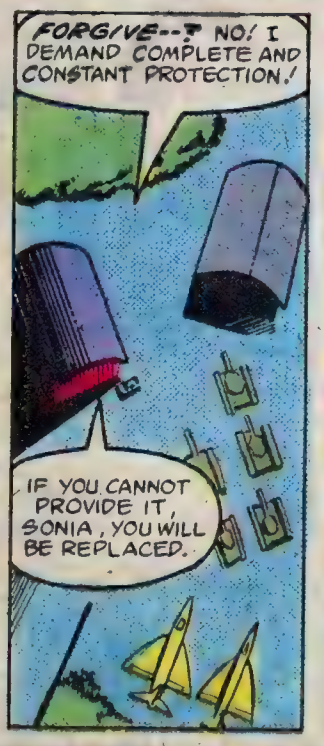

HE SAID THIRD RIB--OVER THE HEART--BUT THERE'S NO WOUND THERE, NOTHING BUT A MOLE.
OUI, MARLENE--HE WAS HIT IN ZEE BACK.
OUTSIDE...
ONE DOWN AND THREE TO GO. IF ONLY I HAD CAUGHT ABRAMOV BEFORE HE REACHED THIS HOUSE AND--
PLAK
THAT SOUND--!
UHN!
JUST A FALLEN BRANCH--NOTHING TO--
THE MASTER SNIPER--WITH THAT BIZARRE EYESCOPE, HE COULDN'T BE ANYONE ELSE! BUT BEN WAS RIGHT... HE HAS NO RIFLE AND--
OOOPH!

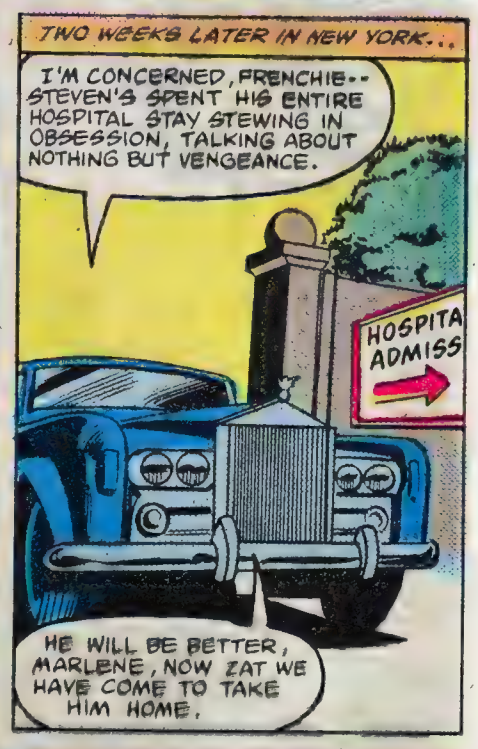

BRAM
WHAT--?! I'M HIT-- BUT HE...HE HAD NO GUN!
TOO DARK TO SEE...BUT THAT BLAST... IT...IT SEEMED TO COME FROM HIS ARM--!
HELPLESS... AND HE.., HE'S GOING TO--
MOON KNIGHT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT? THEY ARE COMING OUT HERE?
THEY MAY HAVE GUNS!
I MUST LEAVE--CHOOSE SOME BETTER TIME TO FINISH THE JOB!
MOON KNIGHT! STEVEN--!
BEN'S PHOTOS... B-BURN THEM...
HIS HAND TWITCHES, AND HE GASPS TUMBLING INTO DARKNESS.
H-HURRY, FRENCHIE-- GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE MOON KNIGHT COSTUME BEFORE THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES!
BUT SHE IS TOO FAR OVER THE EDGE; HER FUMBLINGS HANDS ARE NO GOOD.
DO YOU HEAR, ME FRENCHIE?! HURRY!
OUI, MARLENE-- HIT ME--HIT ME HARD--UNTIL ZEE TREMBLING STOPS.

DETECTIVE FLINT IS A GOOD COP. HE ARRIVED AT THE HOSPITAL SOME TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE STRANGE BULLET WAS EXTRACTED FROM STEVEN GRANT'S FLESH. SINCE, THEN, HE'S BEEN WAITING, AND NOW...
-- DEMAND A 24 HOUR ARMED WATCH AROUND MY HOUSE, FLINT! IF ANY OF MY STAFF ARE INJURED--
YOU'RE IN NO SHAPE TO GIVE ORDERS, GRANT. BUT THE ARMED GUARDS ARE ALREADY STATIONED.
NOW LET'S GET BACK TO BENJAMIN ABRAMOV. MEMBER OF MOSSAD. ISRAELI SECRET SERVICE. YOU SURE YOU AIN'T INVOLVED IN SOMETHING, GRANT?
BEN ABRAMOV WAS MY FRIEND-- PERIOD.
WE FOUND THIS SLEEVE. ANOTHER MYSTERY?
YEP.
ALL RIGHT. JUST DON'T LEAVE TOWN FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
I WON'T BE GOING ANYWHERE FOR WEEKS.
BUT AS SOON AS I CAN MOVE FROM THIS BED, I'M GOING TO TRACK DOWN BENJAMIN'S KILLER AND NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME--NOT FLINT--NOT AN ENTIRE ARMY OF COPS--
EASY, STEVEN--HATE WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.
EVENIN', GRANT.
JUST LIKE A MILLIONAIRE, FLINT THINKS, TO BLOW HARD WITH THE EMPTY BOASTS; BUT FLINT, OF COURSE IS WRONG.
ELSEWHERE, A WEEK LATER...
HYAH!
COMMANDER STRANGE...?
WHAT IS IT? YOU KNOW I DON'T CARE TO BE DISTURBED WHEN MY BODYGUARDS ARE DEMONSTRATING THEIR SKILLS.
YES, FORGIVE ME, SIR, BUT THE NEW RECRUITS HAVE ARRIVED...
WHAT? OH... YES, YES...

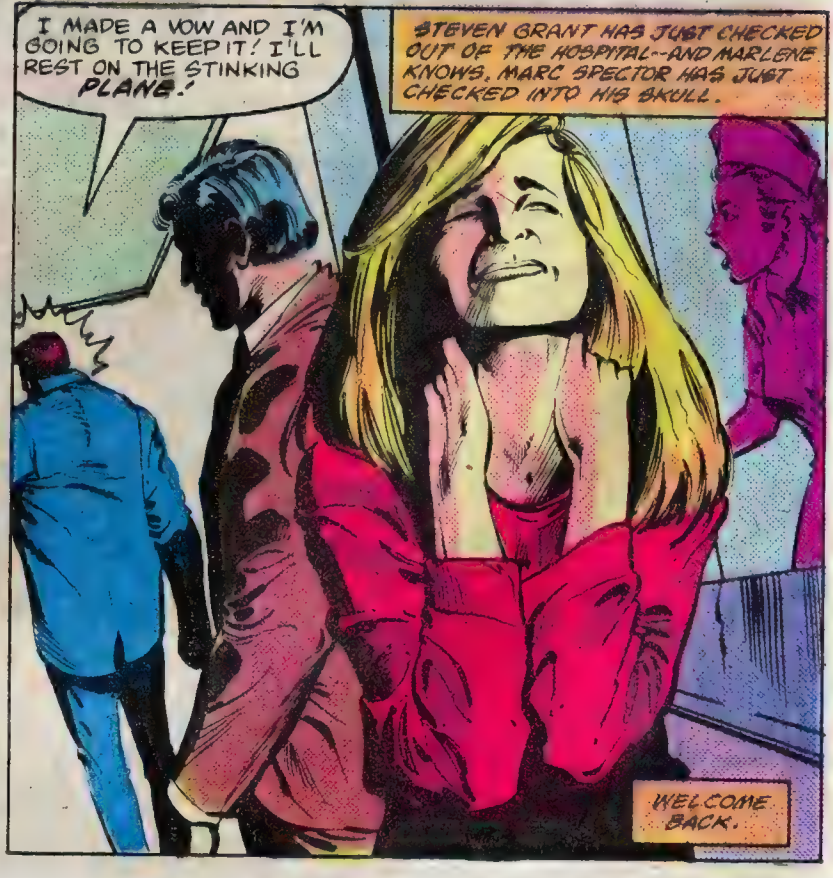

WELL, FOOL? BEGIN THEIR INDOCTRINATION-- AND DON'T BOTHER ME HERE AGAIN!
Y-YES, SIR!

EXCELLENT, JEESALA. BUT YOU, SONIA... YOU ARE GETTING SLOW.
F-FORGIVE ME, NIMROD...


FORGIVE--? NO! I DEMAND COMPLETE AND CONSTANT PROTECTION!
IF YOU CANNOT PROVIDE IT, SONIA, YOU WILL BE REPLACED.

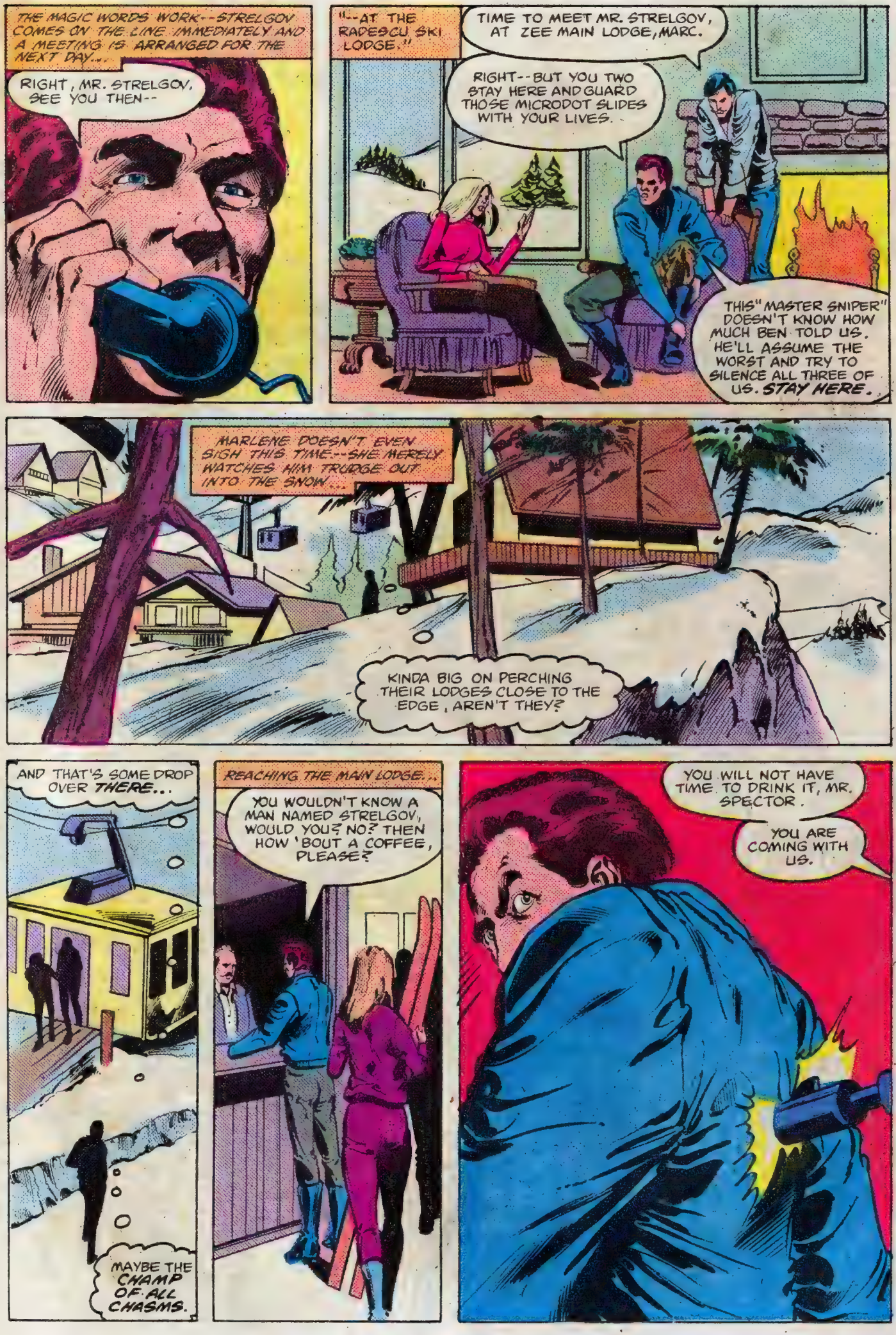

TWO WEEKS LATER IN NEW YORK...
I'M CONCERNED, FRENCHIE-- STEVEN'S SPENT HIS ENTIRE HOSPITAL STAY STEWING IN OBSESSION, TALKING ABOUT NOTHING BUT VENGEANCE.
HOSPITA ADMISS
HE WILL BE BETTER, MARLENE, NOW ZAT WE HAVE COME TO TAKE HIM HOME.

BUT--
I TRUST EVERY WINDOW IN THE MANSION HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH BULLET-PROOF GLASS? GOOD. NOW BOOK THREE TICKETS ON THE NEXT FLIGHT TO LAUSANNE.
THE TRAIL MAY BE COLD NOW, BUT IT'S THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT.
STEVEN, THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO REST...


I MADE A VOW AND I'M GOING TO KEEP IT! I'LL REST ON THE STINKING PLANE!
STEVEN GRANT HAS JUST CHECKED OUT OF THE HOSPITAL--AND MARLENE KNOWS. MARC SPECTOR HAS JUST CHECKED INTO HIS SKULL.
WELCOME BACK.

BACK AT THE MANSION, GRANT/SPECTOR FACES IN CONTROLLED FURY...
-- NEVER FORGET BEN'S LAST WORDS-- "THIRD RIB OVER MY HEART"--THE PAIN HE MUST HAVE FELT...
IT WASN'T PAIN, STEVEN... IT'S A MESSAGE.
WHAAAT?!
THERE WAS A FALSE MOLE ON HIS THIRD RIB, LEFT SIDE-- IT CONCEALED A MICRODOT..
KLIK
AND THE MICRODOT CONCEALED SOME KIND OF CODE...
NO WONDER HE SAID THE MESSAGE WOULD BE MEANINGLESS TO ME--!
mtie sr
fr ddxc
zop
mcrle
AND EVEN IF I'D FOUND THE DOT.. IT'S NOTHING BUT GIBBERISH...
FRENCHIE AND I HAD BEEN TRYING TO DECIPHER IT FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS, STEVEN, BUT IT'S HOPELESS-- WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE TOWARD CRACKING IT.
AND YOU DIDN'T WANT TO "DISTURB" ME IN THE HOSPITAL?
WELL, ALL THE MORE REASON TO GO TO LAUSANNE--AND DELIVER THE CODE TO STRELGOV.
MARLENE SIGHS.
SHE EVEN TRIES TO LAUNCH A FEEBLE PROTEST.
BUT THE JET TOUCHES DOWN IN SWITZERLAND LESS THAN TEN HOURS LATER.

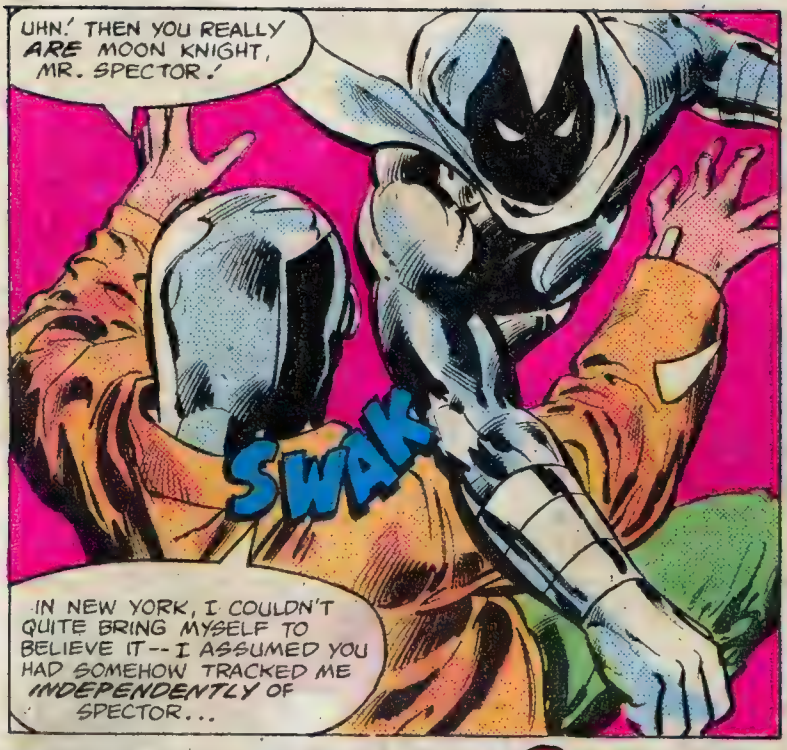
NO STRELGOV LISTED IN THE DIRECTORY, TROOPS...
TELEFON
...WHICH MEANS MARC SPECTOR MUST GO A-HUNTING TONIGHT--
SWISS NEWS SERVICE ASSOCIATED PRESS
"--TO PAY A VISIT TO THE MORGUE."
HERE WE GO, NICE AND CASUAL, NOTHING AMISS, NO GUILT ENGRAVED ON MY FACE...
NO ENTRE
BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE DONE THE COVERT AND FURITIVE ROUTINE AS MARC SPECTOR...
...BUT IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
SKELETON-KEY, DON'T FAIL ME NOW.
AH, AND NONE TOO SOON BY THE SOUND OF THOSE FOOTSTEPS...
EH--? SOMEONE HERE
AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
LOCKED, MUST BE HEARING THINGS.
OR GOING TO THE CINEMA TOO MUCH.
NOW THIS IS THE KIND OF NEWS MORGUE I LIKE--THEY'RE NOT ON MICROFILM YET--STILL USING THE OLD-FASHIONED FILE CABINETS...
...WHICH MAKES IT NICE AND EASY...
STR - STU
...TO LOCATE THE FOLDER MARKED "STRELGOV."
M-HM...ISRAELI "CULTURAL ATTACHE"--WHAT WOULD THE SPY BIZ BE WITHOUT CULTURAL ATTACHES?
TIME TO SLIP OUT AND HIT THE PHONE...
YES, I KNOW HE'S A BUSY MAN AND I KNOW IT'S LATE--BUT TELL HIM I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM BENJAMIN ABRAMOV.


THE MAGIC WORDS WORK--STRELGOV COMES ON THE LINE IMMEDIATELY AND A MEETING IS ARRANGED FOR THE NEXT DAY...
RIGHT, MR. STRELGOV, SEE YOU THEN--
"--AT THE RADESCU SKI LODGE."
TIME TO MEET MR. STRELGOV, AT ZEE MAIN LODGE, MARC.
RIGHT--BUT YOU TWO STAY HERE AND GUARD THOSE MICRODOT SLIDES WITH YOUR LIVES.
THIS "MASTER SNIPER" DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH BEN TOLD US. HE'LL ASSUME THE WORST AND TRY TO SILENCE ALL THREE OF US. STAY HERE.
MARLENE DOESN'T EVEN SIGH THIS TIME--SHE MERELY WATCHES HIM TRUDGE OUT INTO THE SNOW...
KINDA BIG ON PERCHING THEIR LODGES CLOSE TO THE EDGE, AREN'T THEY?
AND THAT'S SOME DROP OVER THERE...
MAYBE THE CHAMP OF ALL CHASMS.
REACHING THE MAIN LODGE...
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW A MAN NAMED STRELGOV, WOULD YOU? NO? THEN HOW 'BOUT A COFFEE, PLEASE?
YOU WILL NOT HAVE TIME TO DRINK IT, MR. SPECTOR.
YOU ARE COMING WITH US.

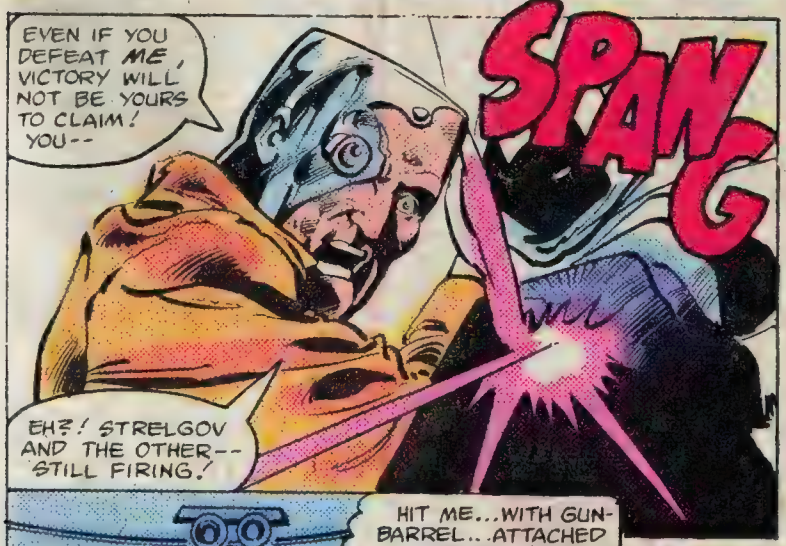
MOVE.
UH... SURE... WHY NOT? BUT EASY, BOYS -- YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINTS...
NO NEED TO JAM THEM THROUGH MY JACKET.
TELL ME, ANYONE HERE NAMED STRELGOV?
WE ARE CONCERNED MEN, MR. SPECTOR. THAT IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
BUT WHY THE ROUGH STUFF?
YOUR PAST, MR. SPECTOR, PRECEDES YOU -- MERCENARY WITHOUT A SOUL, SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE MOTIVATED ONLY BY GREED...
YOU ARE A PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR RECRUITMENT BY THE THIRD WORLD SLAYERS.
THAT'S A DIRTY, FILTHY...
SILENCE! OUT OF THE CAR!
AND NOW, MR. SPECTOR, YOU ARE GOING TO FOLLOW YOUR MURDER OF BENJAMIN ABRAMOV WITH A REGRETTABLE SKIING ACCIDENT...
IN THAT CASE, GENTLEMAN--
--I MAY AS WELL GO DOWN FIGHTING!
HWOK
CHUD
SPLUFF

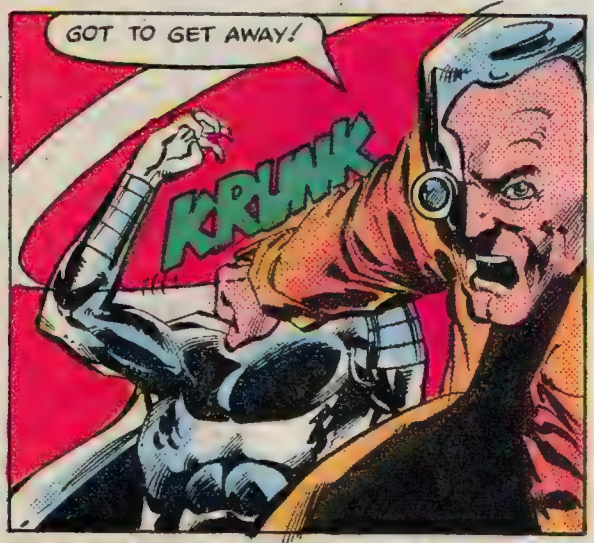
NOW FREEZE! I'M ON YOUR SIDE, STRELGOV! BENJAMIN ABRAMOV WAS ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS! I WATCHED HIM DIE!
AND HIS KILLER--SOME MONSTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF "MASTER SNIPER"--PUT ME IN A HOSPITAL BED FOR THREE WEEKS!
IF YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH, MR. SPECTOR, I AM SORRY FOR YOU.
BUT THE TROUBLE IS--YOU COULD WELL BE LYING.
EITHER WAY, YOU MUST KNOW THIS MUCH--THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO ERUPT IN A DOZEN DIFFERENT PLACES TARGETED FOR TERRORIST HITS.
THEY ARE ORGANIZED THIS TIME, MR. SPECTOR, AND THEY MEAN BUSINESS ... BLOODY BUSINESS. UNTIL THEY ARE STOPPED, WE CAN TRUST NO ONE. SO SHOOT US IF YOU WILL, BUT DO NOT TRY TO GAIN OUR CONFIDENCE.
CONVINCING US AT THIS POINT WOULD REQUIRE A MIRACLE OF MAJOR PROPORTIONS.
HOW ABOUT A CODED MICRODOT MESSAGE FROM ABRAMOV--WOULD THAT BE ENOUGH OF A MIRACLE FOR YOU?
YOU HAVE THE MICRODOT?
SLIDES OF IT, YES, AS WELL AS--
BDOWW
MASTER SNIPER, AGAIN, SPECTOR?
GET DOWN! BEHIND THE CAR--FAST!
IT'S HIS STYLE, ALL RIGHT...BUT THIS TIME HE'S NOT GONNA GET AWAY!

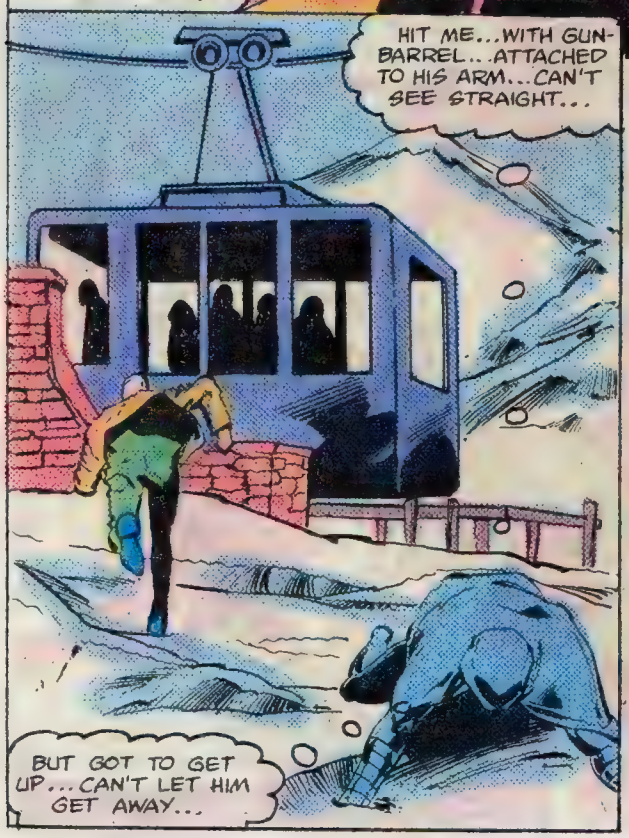
HERE--DEFEND YOURSELVES! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!
WITHOUT A GUN--?!
I USED GUNS A LOT IN THE PAST, STRELGOV--I'M SICK OF THEM!
ALREADY OUT OF SIGHT, HE RIPS OFF SPECTOR'S OUTER CLOTHING...
... AND BY THE TIME HE CIRCLES BEHIND THE SNIPER, HE HAS BECOME MOON KNIGHT--
--THANKFUL HIS CAPE WILL LET HIM BLEND IN WITH THE SNOW.
WAITING TO ELIMINATE SPECTOR AND THE TWO OTHERS HAD PAID OFF--LEADING ME TO STRELGOV HIMSELF!
BYOW
BYOW
HALTING BEHIND A PINE, MOON KNIGHT SPOTS THE BARREL PROTRUDING FROM THE SNIPER'S CUFF..
POW
KLIK
SO THAT'S HOW HE DOES IT. AND HE CLENCHES HIS FIST WITH EACH SHOT--THE TRIGGER MUST BE IN HIS PALM...
BUT NOW HE'S OUT OF BULLETS...
HE'S GOT TO RELOAD--
THAT EXPLAINS THE TORN SLEEVE ON THE MANSION GROUNDS BUT THIS TIME--
PLANGGG
--HE WON'T BE GETTING A CHANCE TO RELOAD!
HURLING HIS CRESCENT-DART ON THE FLY, MOON KNIGHT SLAMS INTO MASTER SNIPER ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND LATER.
UHN!
... LONG BEFORE THE SNIPER CAN REACT TO THE DART EMBEDDED IN HIS ARM RIFLE-MECHANISM.

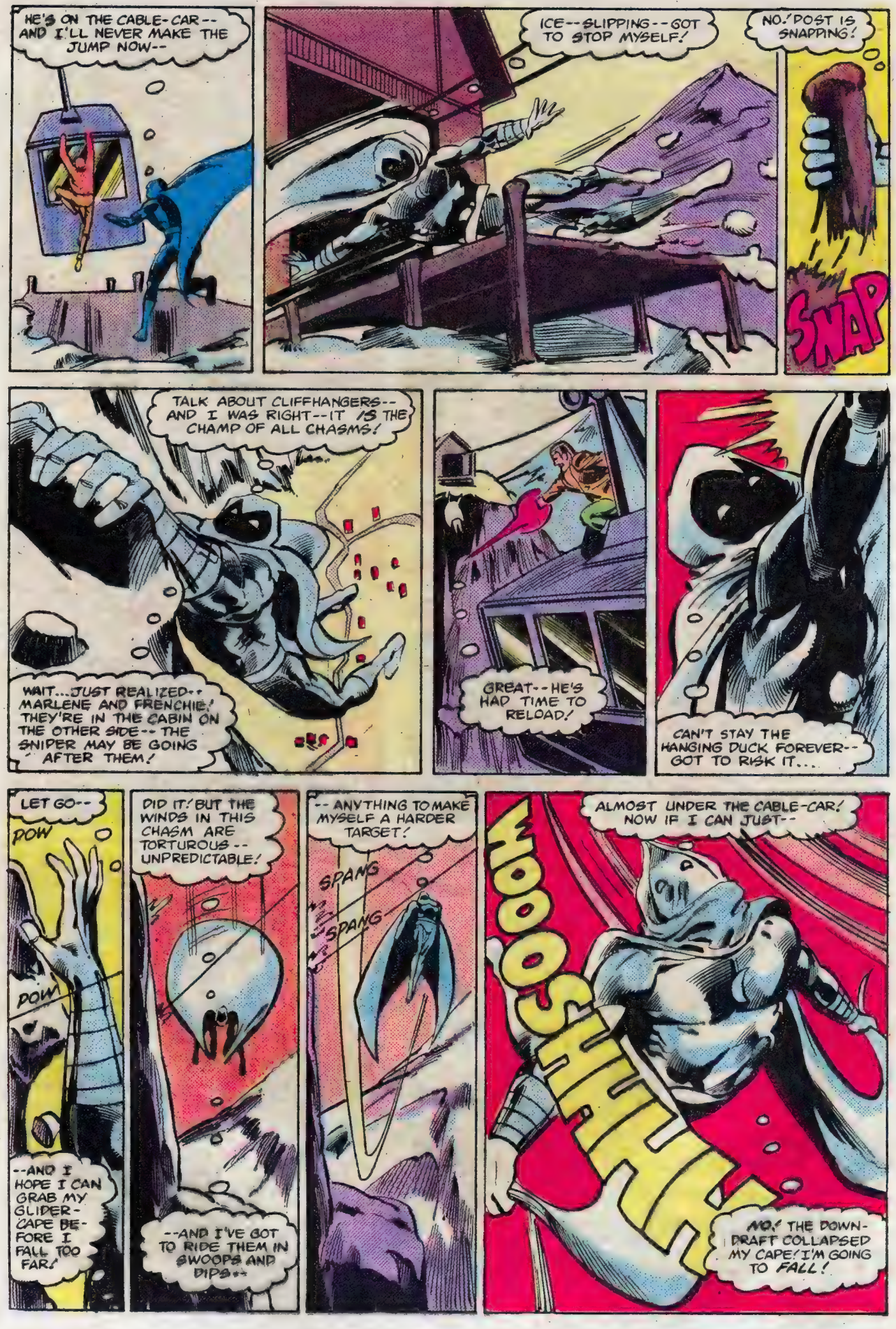

UHN! THEN YOU REALLY ARE MOON KNIGHT, MR. SPECTOR!
SWAK
IN NEW YORK, I COULDN'T QUITE BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE IT--I ASSUMED YOU HAD SOMEHOW TRACKED ME INDEPENDENTLY OF SPECTOR...

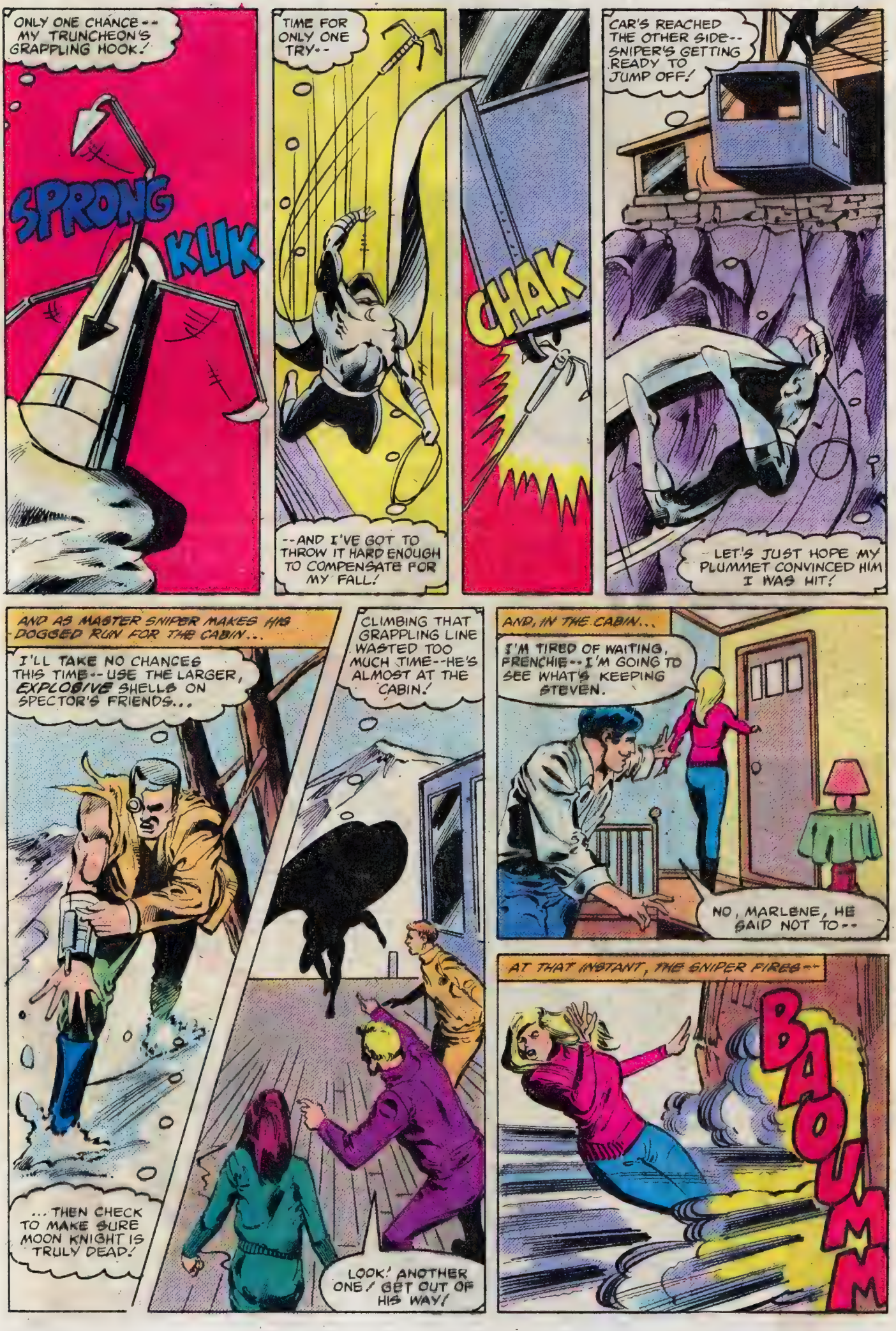
YOU KILLED BEN ABRAMOV! WHY?
I SERVE NIMROD STRANGE, THE GREATEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED!
AND EVEN IF YOU STOP ME, MOON KNIGHT, THE THIRD WORLD SLAYERS WILL GO ON--UNTIL THE WORLD IS BROUGHT TO ITS KNEES!


EVEN IF YOU DEFEAT ME, VICTORY WILL NOT BE YOURS TO CLAIM! YOU--
SPANG
EH?! STRELGOV AND THE OTHER--STILL FIRING!

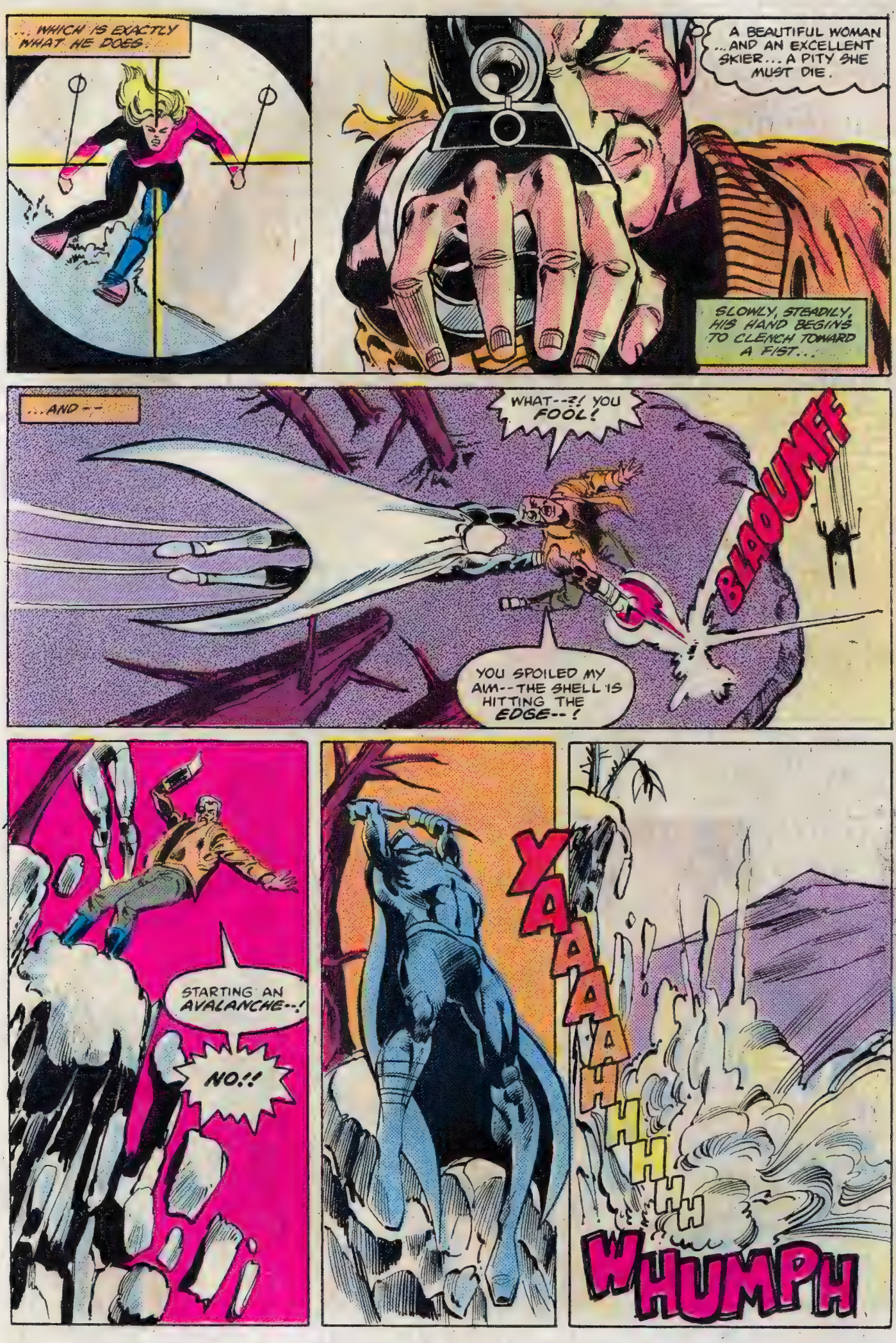

GOT TO GET AWAY!
KRUNK


HIT ME...WITH GUN-BARREL...ATTACHED TO HIS ARM...CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT...
BUT GOT TO GET UP...CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY...

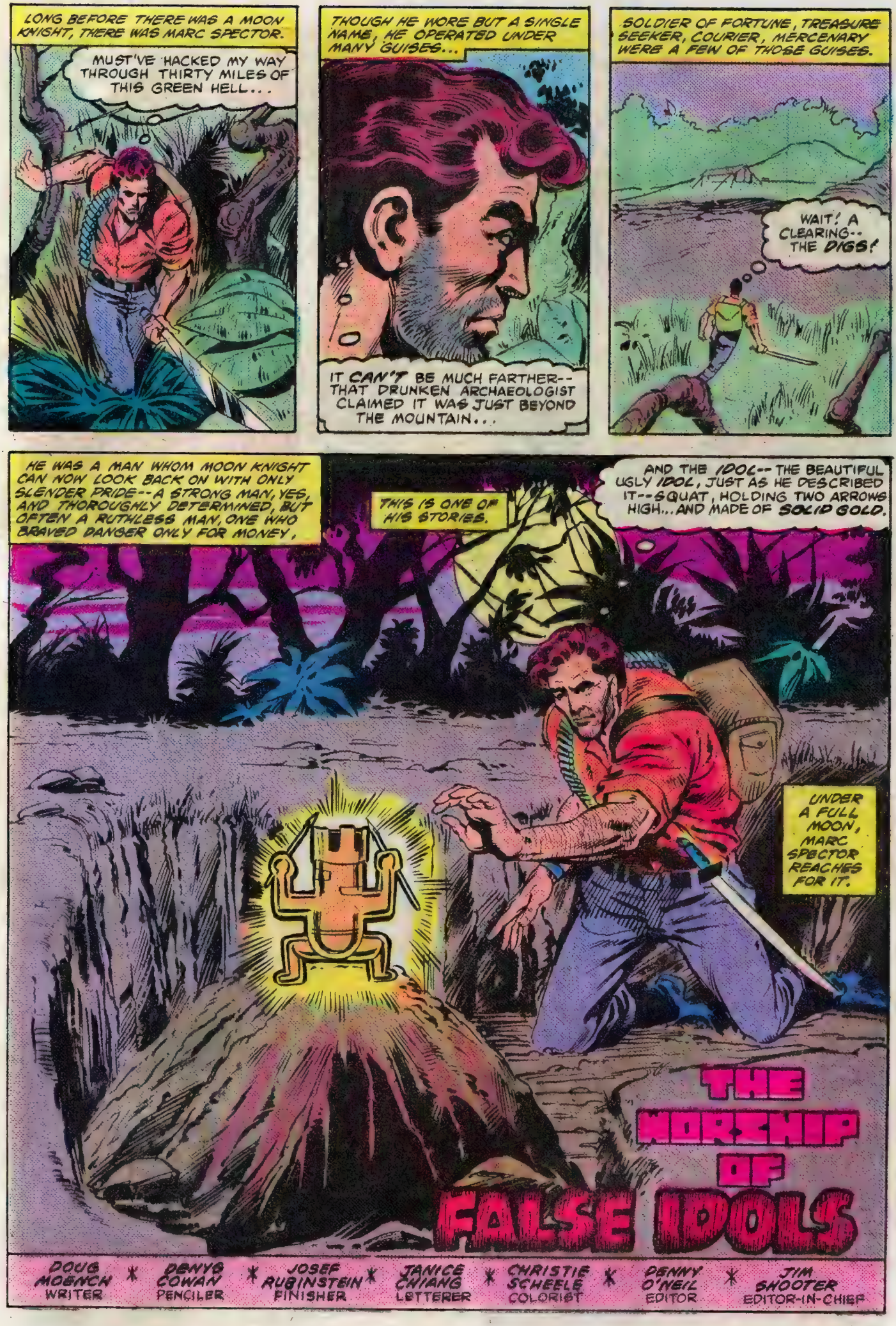

HE'S ON THE CABLE-CAR--AND I'LL NEVER MAKE THE JUMP NOW--
ICE--SLIPPING--GOT TO STOP MYSELF!
NO! POST IS SNAPPING!
SNAP
TALK ABOUT CLIFFHANGERS--AND I WAS RIGHT--IT IS THE CHAMP OF ALL CHASMS!
WAIT...JUST REALIZED--MARLENE AND FRENCHIE! THEY'RE IN THE CABIN ON THE OTHER SIDE--THE SNIPER MAY BE GOING AFTER THEM!
GREAT--HE'S HAD TIME TO RELOAD!
CAN'T STAY THE HANGING DUCK FOREVER--GOT TO RISK IT...
LET GO--
POW
POW
--AND I HOPE I CAN GRAB MY GLIDER-CAPE BEFORE I FALL TOO FAR!
DID IT! BUT THE WINDS IN THIS CHASM ARE TORTUROUS--UNPREDICTABLE!
--AND I'VE GOT TO RIDE THEM IN SWOOPS AND DIPS--
--ANYTHING TO MAKE MYSELF A HARDER TARGET!
SPANG
SPANG
ALMOST UNDER THE CABLE-CAR! NOW IF I CAN JUST--
WOOSHHH
NO! THE DOWN-DRAFT COLLAPSED MY CAPE! I'M GOING TO FALL!


ONLY ONE CHANCE-- MY TRUNCHEON'S GRAPPLING HOOK!
SPRONG
KLIK
TIME FOR ONLY ONE TRY--
--AND I'VE GOT TO THROW IT HARD ENOUGH TO COMPENSATE FOR MY FALL!
CHAK
CAR'S REACHED THE OTHER SIDE-- SNIPER'S GETTING READY TO JUMP OFF!
LET'S JUST HOPE MY PLUMMET CONVINCED HIM I WAS HIT!
AND AS MASTER SNIPER MAKES HIS DOGGED RUN FOR THE CABIN...
I'LL TAKE NO CHANCES THIS TIME-- USE THE LARGER, EXPLOSIVE SHELLS ON SPECTOR'S FRIENDS...
...THEN CHECK TO MAKE SURE MOON KNIGHT IS TRULY DEAD!
CLIMBING THAT GRAPPLING LINE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME--HE'S ALMOST AT THE CABIN!
LOOK! ANOTHER ONE! GET OUT OF HIS WAY!
AND, IN THE CABIN...
I'M TIRED OF WAITING, FRENCHIE-- I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S KEEPING STEVEN.
NO, MARLENE, HE SAID NOT TO--
AT THAT INSTANT, THE SNIPER FIRES--
BAOUMM

MARLENE?! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT--?!
Y-YES... BUT--
BAOUM
WE MUST GET ZEE MICRODOT SLIDES OUT OF HERE!
YOU GET ZEE SKIS; MARLENE-- THEY ARE OUR ONLY CHANCE BEFORE ZEE ENTIRE CABIN FALLS ON US!
AND, BY THE TIME A FRANTIC MOON KNIGHT REACHES THE CABIN...
THEY'RE TRYING TO ESCAPE OUT THE BACK ON SKIS.
BUT THE SNIPER'S STILL GOT A CLEAR SHOT OF THEM--!
SKI LOW, FRENCHIE!
AND SPLIT UP-- SPREAD THE TARGETS ON HIM!
THEY CAN'T KEEP IT UP FOREVER-- SOONER OR LATER HE'LL NAIL THEM...
...IF I DON'T NAIL HIM FIRST!
AND AGAIN, MOON KNIGHT LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO GLIDER-FLIGHT, FERVENTLY WILLING MASTER SNIPER TO KEEP LOOKING THE OTHER WAY..

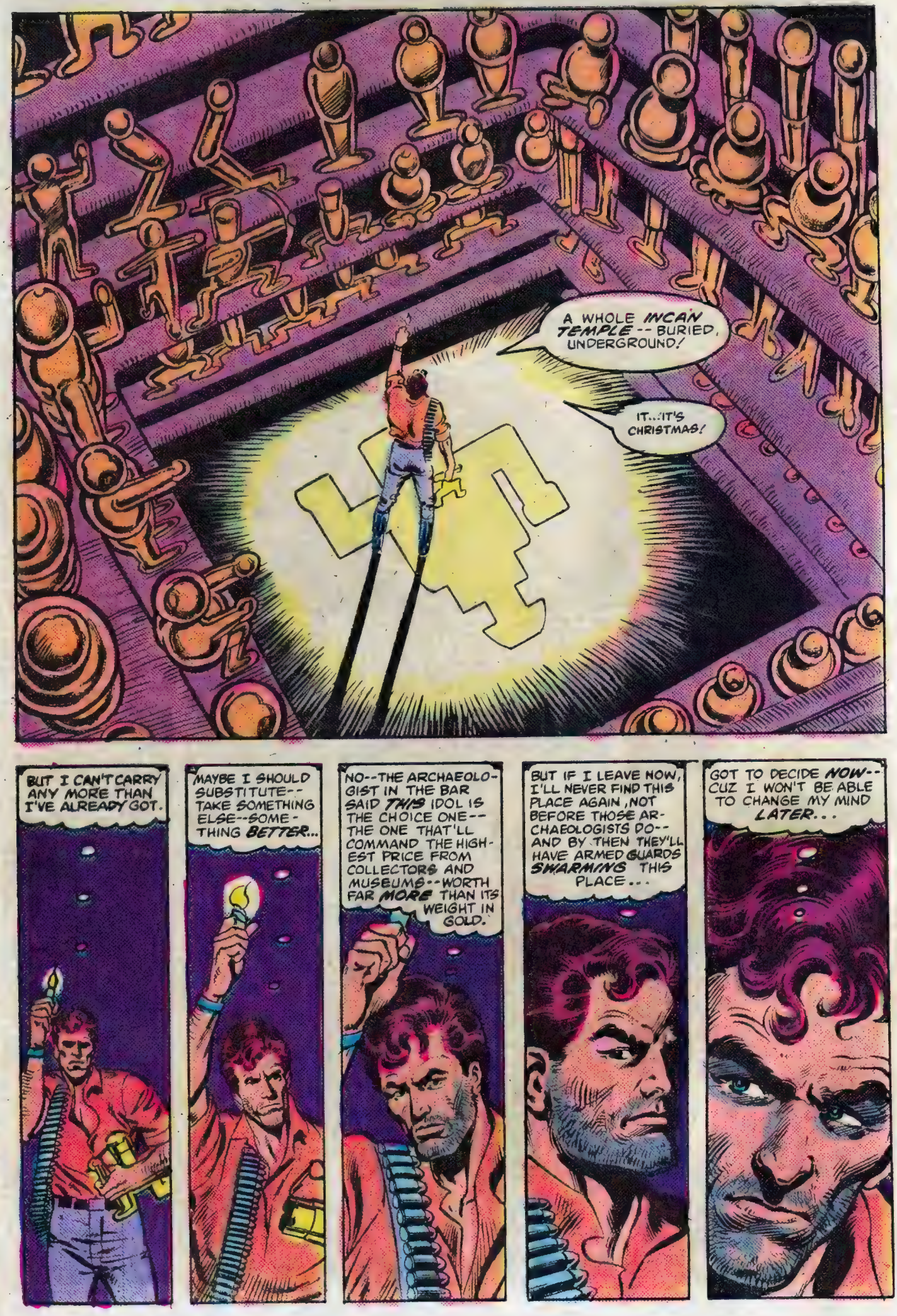

...WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT HE DOES.
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ...AND AN EXCELLENT SKIER... A PITY SHE MUST DIE.
SLOWLY, STEADILY, HIS HAND BEGINS TO CLENCH TOWARD A FIST...
...AND--
WHAT--?! YOU FOOL!
BLAOUMFF
YOU SPOILED MY AIM--THE SHELL IS HITTING THE EDGE--!
STARTING AN AVALANCHE--!
NO!!
YAAAAAHHHHH
WHUMPH

OOH LA LA, MARC-- ZAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR ZEE COMFORT!
BUT AT LEAST NO ONE FEELS THE COLD.
LATER...
AH! IT APPEARS THEY HAVE FOUND THE SNIPER'S BODY. BUT TELL ME...THAT FIGURE IN WHITE ON THE OTHER CLIFF--WAS THAT YOU, MR. SPECTOR?
SNOW-GLARE, STRELGOV.
HERE ARE THE MICRODOT SLIDES.
GOOD. DECODING WILL TAKE SOME TIME, BUT IF WE'RE LUCKY THE MESSAGE WILL REVEAL THE LOCATION OF NIMROD STRANGE'S TRAINING BASE. WHERE CAN YOU BE CONTACTED?
IN JERUSALEM...
HMM...WHERE ABRAMOV LIVED.
AND WHERE HIS WIDOW STILL GRIEVES, STRELGOV.
JERUSALEM...
I...I'M SORRY, ANNA.
SORRY FOR HIS LOSS, MARC...YES, I AM TOO...
BUT I CARRY A LARGER, DARKER BURDEN, FOR I ALSO GRIEVE BENJAMIN'S LEGACY OF UNFINISHED WORK...DIRTY WORK.
WHEN BENJAMIN WAS SHOT, MY SOUL WAS ALSO SLAIN. YOU SEE, MY LOVE IS NOW VENGEANCE...A VENGEANCE THAT WILL NOT SET ME FREE...NOT UNTIL THAT DIRTY WORK HAS BEEN DONE...
DO IT FOR HIM, MARC, FOR HIS MEMORY. DO IT FOR ME...
EVEN IF YOU DEFEAT ME, MOON KNIGHT, VICTORY WILL NOT BE YOURS TO CLAIM!
YES, ANNA, I'LL DO IT...
I WILL.
NEXT the SLAYERS ELITE!

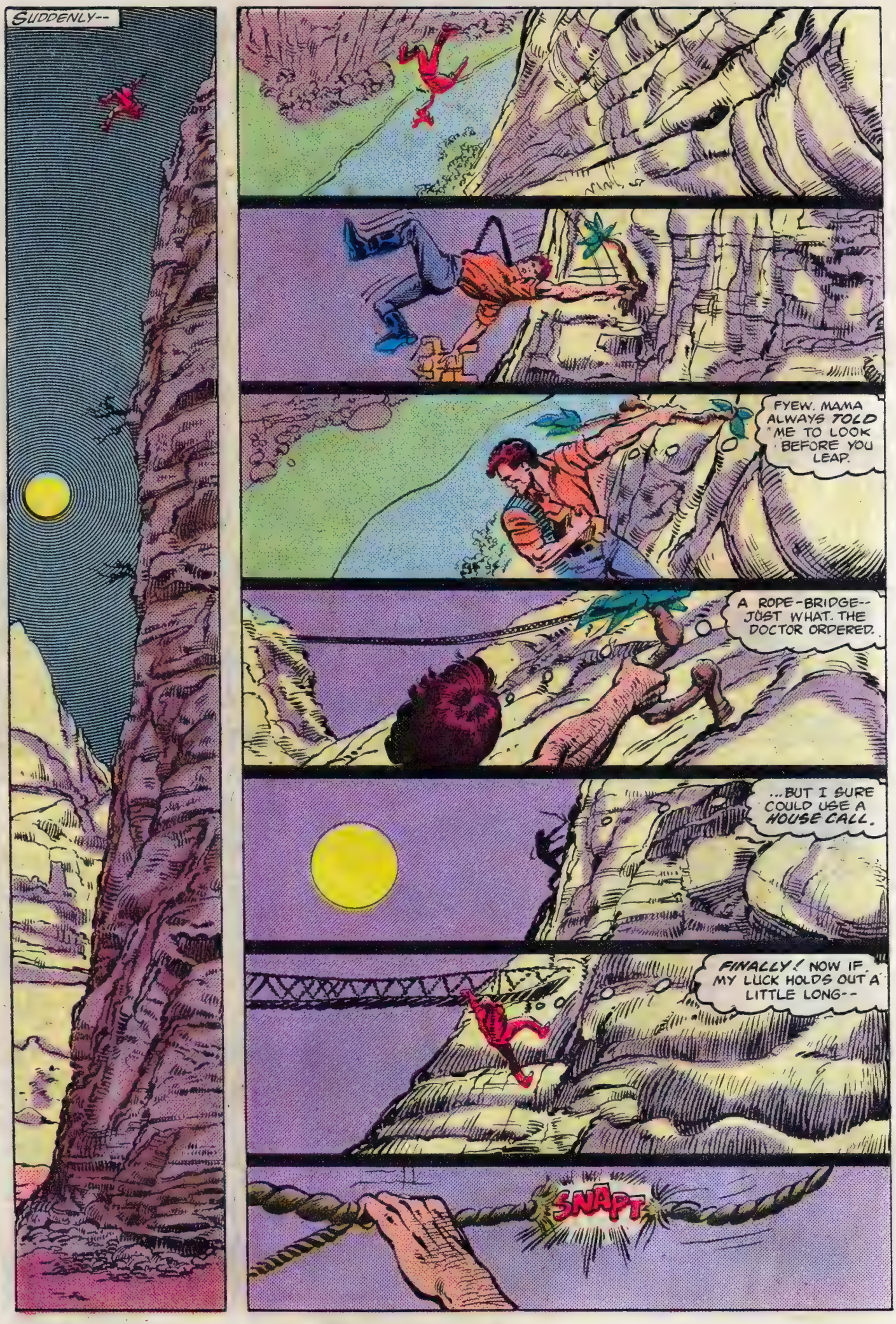

LONG BEFORE THERE WAS A MOON KNIGHT, THERE WAS MARC SPECTOR.
MUST'VE HACKED MY WAY THROUGH THIRTY MILES OF THIS GREEN HELL...
THOUGH HE WORE BUT A SINGLE NAME, HE OPERATED UNDER MANY GUISES...
IT CAN'T BE MUCH FARTHER--THAT DRUNKEN ARCHAEOLOGIST CLAIMED IT WAS JUST BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN...
SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, TREASURE SEEKER, COURIER, MERCENARY WERE A FEW OF THOSE GUISES.
WAIT! A CLEARING--THE DIGS!
HE WAS A MAN WHOM MOON KNIGHT CAN NOW LOOK BACK ON WITH ONLY SLENDER PRIDE--A STRONG MAN, YES, AND THOROUGHLY DETERMINED, BUT OFTEN A RUTHLESS MAN, ONE WHO BRAVED DANGER ONLY FOR MONEY,
THIS IS ONE OF HIS STORIES.
AND THE IDOL--THE BEAUTIFUL UGLY IDOL, JUST AS HE DESCRIBED IT--SQUAT, HOLDING TWO ARROWS HIGH...AND MADE OF SOLID GOLD.
UNDER A FULL MOON, MARC SPECTOR REACHES FOR IT.
THE WORSHIP OF FALSE IDOLS
DOUG MOENCH WRITER
DENYS COWAN PENCILER
JOSEF RUBINSTEIN FINISHER
JANICE CHIANG LETTERER
CHRISTIE SCHEELE COLORIST
DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

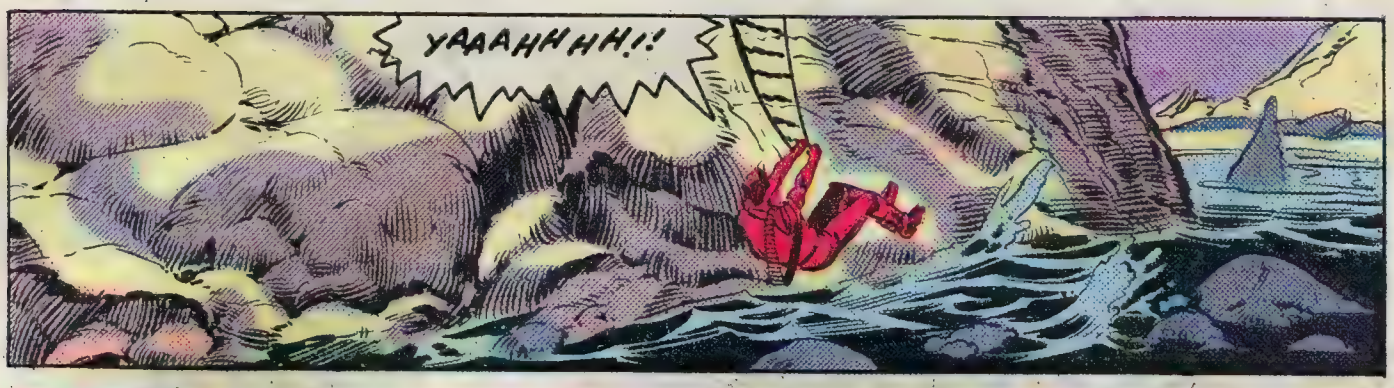
UHRR!
ROWRRR
A WOLF--?!
NO, JUST A DOG--BUT A WELL-FED ONE AND PROBABLY A LOT STRONGER THAN A STARVING WOLF...
...WHICH MEANS I'D BETTER REACH THE TREES BEFORE--
K-K-K
UH OH.
4-RUPHH
WUUMP
UHN!
PLIK
PLAK
PLOK

SNF SNF SNFF
WHEEN?
BRUTUS?
WHAT IS IT, BRUTUS? IS GEORGE FINALLY MAKING HIS DRUNKEN WAY BACK TO CAMP? NO?
I DIDN'T THINK SO-- HIS BINGES USUALLY LAST A WEEK.
BARKING AT SHADOWS AGAIN, AREN'T YOU? WELL, JUST DON'T--
EH--? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SILLY IDOL? I COULD SWEAR I LEFT IT OUT HERE...
OH WELL... WE'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP IF WE WANT TO BE BACK AT WORK BY DAWN, BRUTUS-- I'M CONVINCED WE'RE ONTO SOMETHING BIG HERE...
"... SOMETHING RIGHT UNDER OUR FEET."
UHN... WH-WHAT--? THE IDOL-- IT'S STILL SAFE.
BUT WHERE AM I--?
KLUNK!
OH... MY... GOD...!

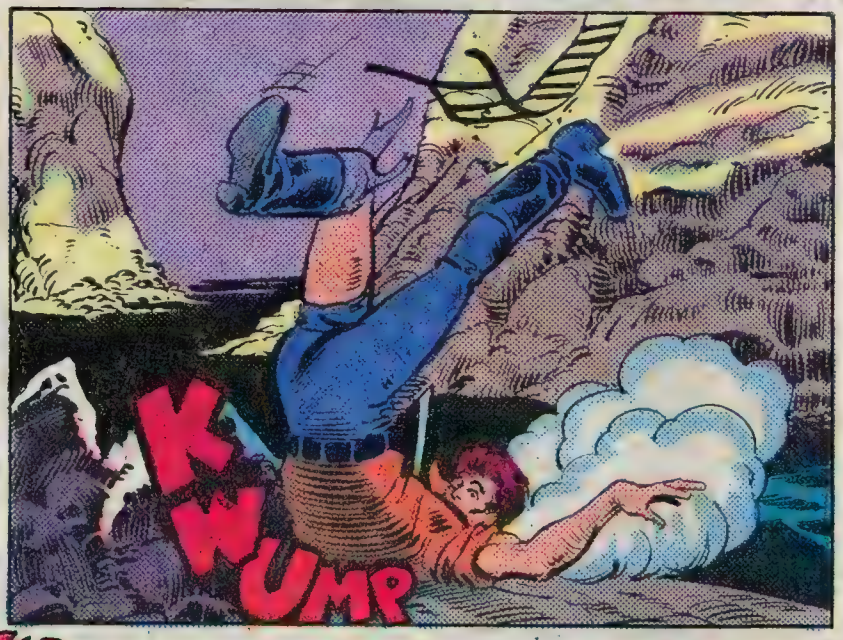

A WHOLE INCAN TEMPLE -- BURIED, UNDERGROUND!
IT...IT'S CHRISTMAS!
BUT I CAN'T CARRY ANY MORE THAN I'VE ALREADY GOT.
MAYBE I SHOULD SUBSTITUTE-- TAKE SOMETHING ELSE--SOMETHING BETTER...
NO--THE ARCHAEOLOGIST IN THE BAR SAID THIS IDOL IS THE CHOICE ONE-- THE ONE THAT'LL COMMAND THE HIGHEST PRICE FROM COLLECTORS AND MUSEUMS--WORTH FAR MORE THAN ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
BUT IF I LEAVE NOW, I'LL NEVER FIND THIS PLACE AGAIN, NOT BEFORE THOSE ARCHAEOLOGISTS DO-- AND BY THEN THEY'LL HAVE ARMED GUARDS SWARMING THIS PLACE...
GOT TO DECIDE NOW-- CUZ I WON'T BE ABLE TO CHANGE MY MIND LATER...

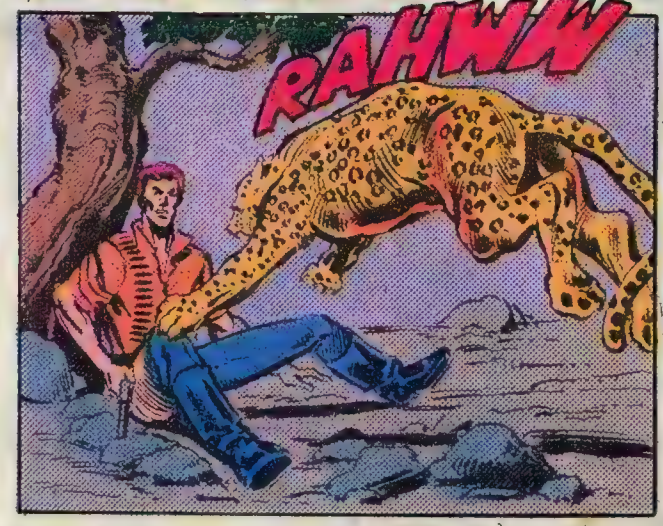
BETTER STICK WITH THE ONE I'VE GOT--AND JUST HOPE I CAN GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE WITH IT...
THE FLAME'S FLICKERING TOWARD THAT DOORWAY--MUST BE A DRAFT...
...AND A WAY OUT.
THE STENCH OF AMMONIA... GUANO...
SKEEK
SKEEK
BATS!
SKEEK
AND RATS!
EEK
EEK
STINKING GUANO--GETTING SOAKED IN IT!
SPLISH
SPLASH
CAN'T BREATHE--IDOL'S TOO HEAVY--CAN'T RUN MUCH FARTHER... BUT THERE'S AN EXIT JUST AHEAD--
SKEEK


SUDDENLY--
FYEW. MAMA ALWAYS TOLD ME TO LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.
A ROPE-BRIDGE-- JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.
...BUT I SURE COULD USE A HOUSE CALL.
FINALLY! NOW IF MY LUCK HOLDS OUT A LITTLE LONG--
SNAP!


YAAAHHHH!!

CHAK T


K WUMP


RAHWK

BRAM
BRAM
BRAM

AGH-H-H!

YOU'VE... GOTTA... BE... KIDDING!

UHN!
SHWUK
S'POSE I OUGHTTA LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE-- THIS IS JIVARO COUNTRY, AND AT LEAST I HAVEN'T RUN INTO ANY HOSTILE HEADHUNTERS!
GUESS THAT ARCHAEOLOGIST WAS TOO DRUNK TO MENTION THE CURSE ON THIS LOUSY IDOL. ALMOST WISH I'D NEVER--
WHOAAA! THE IDOL-- DON'T DROP THE IDOL!
GOTTA USE ITS WEIGHT TO SWING UP TO THAT BRANCH BEFORE THEY SEE ME--!
WELL, WHADDYA KNOW? AT LEAST THE TRAP SNATCHED ME AWAY FROM THE QUICKSAND...
HERE YA GO, BOYS-- AS THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF THIS SQUAT LITTLE FORTUNE IN GOLD, I CAN AFFORD TO BE MAGNANIMOUS.

BUT AT THE HALFWAY POINT...
CAN BARELY WALK... CAN'T EVEN GROAN... AND THE TOWN'S STILL A GOOD TEN MILES AWAY...
AN ETERNITY LATER, AT DAWN...
GREAT-- NOW I'VE GOT THE HOT SUN IN MY EYES FOR THE LAST THREE MILES...
BUT FINALLY...
I'D CHEER IF I HAD THE BREATH... NEVER WENT THROUGH ANYTHING LIKE THAT... BUT AS BAD AS IT WAS, AFTER A WEEK IN BED AT LEAST I'LL BE ABLE TO SAY IT WAS WORTH--
THREE DOLLARS AMERICAN!
EH--?
WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY ABOUT TIME, GEORGE-- --I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO UNCOVER THE TEMPLE BY MYSELF.
WHY DO YOU KEEP BUYING THOSE SILLY PLASTER IDOLS? THE CAMP'S LITTERED WITH THEM!
SORRY, HONEY!
GEN-YOO-INE INCA IDOLS STRAIGHT FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN-- THREE DOLLARS AMERICAN!
BUKSH
END

# KNIGHT MAIL

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

**Herewith some of your comments on issue #14's "Stained Glass Scarlet." Normally we'd comment on your comments, but this time everything we had to say was contained in the story itself...**

Dear Mr. Moench,

With regards to MOON KNIGHT #14 ("Stained Glass Scarlet"), I can't recall another recent comic that conveyed quite the same sort of effect. Reading it reminds me somewhat of watching the new *Nosferatu* — and that's a compliment. It means that "Stained Glass Scarlet" was sad but enjoyable, low-keyed but compelling. Nice, you know?

Greg Cox
210 N. State
Bellingham, WA 98225

Doug:

MOON KNIGHT #14 presented us with a fine story in the solid Moon Knight style, but I was particularly grateful for your treatment of the death of John Lennon, brief as it was, His passing deserved some mention in the Marvel Universe, but publishing schedules being what they are, you could hardly depict someone reading abut it in a newspaper or hearing it on the radio. Thus, any other reference had to be carefully planned lest an intended tribute become instead a poor mockery.

I had expected to find a passing reference made by Bernadette Rosenthal in *Captain America* or by Rick Jones, Marvel's fictional rock musician. To see your tribute in MOON KNIGHT was a bit surprising. And a bit upsetting.

But then, the death of the dreamer — and, as you say, the end of the dream — was also surprising, and more than a bit upsetting. Thank you.

Rick S. Jones
11292 W 17B
Argos, IN 46501

People,

MOON KNIGHT is a top-notch magazine. In just over a year it has become one of my five favorite Marvel comics... and that's no easy task.

"Stained Glass Scarlet" has got to be the best story to date. Doug's scripting was pure poetry, and Bill's art was as good as ever. The rest of the crew did a fine job also.

Ah, but the story... the story! No tale has touched me like this one since I don't know when. Guns. Thank you, Doug, for the touching tribute to John Lennon. I simply can't express my feelings here.

There *must* be more stories like this one. Please.

Randy S. Telarico
8 Mountview Rd. E
Bath, NY 14810

Dear Doug & Bill,

Thank you for MOON KNIGHT #14. It was reminiscent of vintage Batman, the Shadow, and — most clearly of all — Will Eisner's Spirit, one of my all-time favorites. Even so, the story displays innovation and creativity unrivaled in illustrated fiction. Pure poetry.

As for Bill's artwork, there simply aren't words. It's perfect. The best. And I'm not normally an enthusiastic person.

Thank you for MOON KNIGHT. Thank you for creating the best comic on the market. And please, never stop producing brilliant issues like #14.

Greg Magarian
2215 E. Menlo Blvd
Shorewood, WS 53211

**And now, an early comment on our first expanded-format issue...**

Dear Doug & Bill:

I'm a special features freak, so the extras were almost enough to make #15 a hit with me all by themselves. And, after the illustrated text feature, the cover (breathtaking!) and double letters page were enough to finish the job.The prices of comicbooks are getting pretty steep (like everything else), but I really like this new format and will support it wholeheartedly.The story wasn't bad either, but as for the new villain, all I have to say is, "Oh, rats!"

Wallace Lee Hopkins
Box 428
Glen Carbon, IL 62034

**Glad you liked our text feature, Wally, and speaking of same — the following note (apparently quite sincere) found its way into the bullpen in near-record time...**

Dear Douggie:

Sorry to disillusion you, but I predate Moon Knight by some twenty years. Actually my mother dug the name out of a novel about horse racing that she was reading while in the hospital awaiting my delivery.

Steven Grant
New York, NY 10024

P.S. #@%*&! you!

**Pseudonymous protests to the contrary, we stand by our story — namely, that Steven Grant was first a fictional creation. Period. Oh, and by the way, we also happen to have a Bullpenner named Steven Grant. A Steven-come-lately to be sure.**

Dear Doug and Bill,

MOON KNIGHT #15 was a sight for a comic reader's sore eyes. For once in all my reading years I was privileged to read an entire comic with *superb* art (thanks, Bill), a story that knocked my socks off (knew you could, Doug), and an ink job that made me feel like I was watching a 3-D movie. All of this and — NO ADVERTISEMENTS! All for the minimal price of 75¢. FABULOUS!

Please, for my sake, for the sake of my sore eyes, for Milpitas, for California, for the sake of mankind, keep MOON KNIGHT in this expanded form! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

Jeff Handy
1404 Sonoma Dr.
Milpitas, CA 95035

**YOU'RE WELCOME! YOU'RE WELCOME! And if you thought our first try at the new format was a sight for sore eyes... well, Jeff, need we say it? Yeah, what the heck, might as well. YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!**

**So keep those bleary orbs ready, People, and we'll see you nextime...**

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